See here brave Guy in all his warlike pride,
With a fierce lion walking by his ſide;
Which from a monſtrous dragon he deliver'd,
At whoſe fell rage the princely lion quiver'd.

Nor was there any monſtrous giant, who
He did not both engage and conquer too;
Giants, dragon, boar, and Dunſmore cow,
To Guy's all-conquering arms were forc'd to
bow.

The Noble and Renowned

HISTORY

12403.aaaa.12

OF

GUY, Earl of WARWICK,

CONTAINING

A full and true Account of his many famous and valiant Actions — Remarkable and brave Exploits, and noble and renowned Victories.

ALSO,

His Courtſhip to Fair PHÆLICE, Earl ROSAND's Daughter and Heireſs:

AND

The many Difficulties and Hazards he went through to obtain her Love.

Extracted from authentick Records;

And the Whole illuſtrated with Cuts ſuitable to the Hiſtory.

THE TWELFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed by T. SABINE, No. 81, Shoe Lane.

TO HIS

Honoured and Worthy FRIEND

Mr. Zechariah Heyward,

Citizen of LONDON.

HONOURED SIR,

TWO things emboldened me to make this dedication to you; the one was the remembrance of the many favours I have formerly received from you, which are ſo deeply engraven in my breaſt, that as I never can forget them, without incurring the black brand of ingratitude, ſo I would fain tranſmit the memory of them to poſterity, and make your worthy name as laſting as that of the great Guy, Earl of Warwick. Though I muſt acknowledge, yourſelf have taken a better way to tranſmit your name, even to the end of time, by thoſe many living images of yourſelf, which you will leave behind you, of which

the principal is Mr. Hyde Heyward, a very hopeful young gentleman, and worthy to be the ſon of ſuch a father.

The ſecond reaſon that moved me to this dedication was, the love which I am ſure you have for your native country, and the honour you bear to the memory of thoſe heroes who have ſignalized themſelves on the behalf thereof in former ages; of which our noble Guy was none of the meaneſt; for had he not been one of the chief Worthies of the age he lived in, King Athelſtan, in whoſe reign he flouriſhed, would never have ventured the whole realm of England upon his combat with a Dane; which he both undertook and performed, to the eternal honour of the Engliſh nation.

Thus, having given you the reaſon of my preſumption in this dedication, and hoping you will accept it accordingly, I will add no more: but, that yourſelf and your virtuous lady may live many years to enjoy thoſe bleſſings which Heaven hath ſo bountifully beſtowed upon you, is the ſincere prayer and hearty deſire of,

Your obliged,

Humble Servant,

G. L.

A

POEM

In Praiſe of the following.

HISTORY.

YOU that in warlike ſtories take delight,
Come ſee the noble deeds of Warwick's Knight;
Whoſe worth within this Hiſtory is plac'd,
Like diamonds, when they're in gold enchas'd,
Here you his armour, bruis'd with blows may view,
His broken lance, and his great faulchion too.
His valiant combats with his foes in field,
His ſword all bloody, and his batter'd ſhield.
How lovely in this dreſs he does appear,
Freeing diſtreſſed ladies from their fear!
His greateſt foes he always made retire,
And thoſe that ſaw him could not but admire:
His courage made the haughty Colbron yield
And all the Daniſh army fly the field:
Nor only againſt men did he prevail,
For he would the moſt ſavage beaſts aſſail:

Witneſs the monſtrous cow on Dunſmore-
Heath,
Within whoſe bowels he his ſword did
ſheath:
Witneſs that dragon, whoſe envenom'd
breath
Had almoſt like t'have been a lion's death;
Yet this fell beaſt, tho' pointed round with
flame,
To Guy's bright ſword a victim ſoon be-
came.
And witneſs alſo that prodigious boar,
Which his reſiſtleſs courage caus'd to roar;
This mighty monſter having ſtricken dead,
He, as a trophy, carried off his head.
He in like manner ſerv'd a dragon, too,
Which in Northumberland he alſo ſlew.
Then, who can be compar'd to noble Guy?
Who with his blood his fame did always buy:
He ever was a ſtranger unto fear,
Delighting always in his ſword and ſpear.
Here, reader, thou his wond'rous acts may'ſt
ſee,
And without danger a ſpectator be
Of all thoſe dangers which he oft was in,
And by o'ercoming did his honour win.
And as thou read'ſt, be this remember'd too,
It was an Engliſhman all this did do.
And yet our Guy had not ſo fierce a breaſt,
But dove could in his boſom take its reſt;
For tho' he'd oft been wounded, yet he found
Fair Phælice gave to him the deepeſt wound.
Upon the whole, this I dare boldly write,
No man could better love, nor better fight.

THE

THE HISTORY OF GUY, Earl of WARWICK.

CHAP. I.

An Account of his Parents, Birth, and youthful Exploits; and how he fell in Love with Earl Roband's *beautiful Daughter, who deſpiſed his Suit.*

I SHALL not trouble the reader with a long genealogy of the deſcent of our famous Guy of Warwick; (the ſubject of our enſuing hiſtory) it ſhall therefore ſuffice to tell the reader, that in the ſixth year of the reign of King Edward the Great, this our famous Guy was born in the city of Warwick. His father was a gentleman of Nor-

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thumberland, in which country he had been (in the time of the Mercian kings) the poſſeſſor of a fair eſtate: but the arms of King Edgar prevailing over the King of Mercia, as well as the reſt of the Saxon kings that conſtituted the heptarchy, Guyraldus Caſſibilanus (for that was the name of Guy's father) being engaged on the behalf of the King of Mercia, whoſe ſubject he was, loſt his eſtate in the quarrel; and afterwards ſeeking to mend his fortune in our moſt ſouthern climates, he came to Warwick, and was ſo well received of the gentry there, but eſpecially of Earl Roband, who was then the King's Governor both of the town and caſtle, that he made him his ſteward, in which piace he ſo well acquitted himſelf, that he married the daughter of an eminent knight in that town, and by her he had a ſon, who at his very birth looked like a hero, whom his father named Guy. and, who in proceſs of time became Earl of Warwick, whoſe life and noble actions are the ſubject of our preſent hiſtory. There were not wanting ſome preſages of his future greatneſs even before he was born; particularly his mother, during her pregnancy, dreamed that ſhe ſaw Mars deſcend in a bloody chariot, drawn by two fiery dragons; and telling her, that the infant contained in her womb, ſhould ſo excell in arms that he ſhould be the glory of this nation, and the terror of the Pagan world; which dream ſhe diſcovered to the Counteſs

of

of Warwick, above a month before ſhe was delivered of him. And, indeed, being born, he gave early proofs of his being an extraordinary man; for he was ſcarce come to be eight years old, before he gave the world ſome early prognoſticks of his great ſtrength and martial genius, by beginning to practiſe running, wreſtling, throwing ſtones, and other exerciſes, even above what his young years were capable of; exceeding thoſe that were both older and bigger than himſelf; and for which he was obſerved by all ſpectators. And as he grew more towards maturity, he delighted in hardſhips, and ſuch exerciſes as required both ſtrength and labour; ſo that at ſixteen there were but few that durſt encounter with him; for then he would uſe to enter the liſts, and always come off victorious: which coming to Earl Roband's ear, he ſent for him, and entertained him at dinner wi h himſelf and ſeveral of the gentry of the country, who were very well pleaſed with his converſation; after which he played ſeveral prizes before the Earl, carrying the day, whatever he played with.

But by being at the Earl's houſe, he came to have a ſight of fair Phælice, his beautiful daughter, with whom he was ſo extremely taken that nothing but ſhe could ſatisfy him. She was indeed ſo fair, that ſhe could not be ſeen, without being loved. She was ſo fair, Venus herſelf could never boaſt more beauty; and had ſhe but been

preſent at the famous conteſt between Juno, Pallas and Venus, about the golden apple, on which was writ, "Let it be given to the faireſt," ſhe had certainly borne away the prize from them all. And ſome have affirmed, that all the odds between Venus and ſhe was, that Venus had a mole, and ſhe had none; for ſhe had moſt directly Venus's hair, the ſame high forehead and attractive eyes: the roſes and the lillies in her cheeks were mixed with that equality, that none could ſay which of them had the aſcendant: her lips were of a perfect coral dye, nor could the ivory match her teeth for whiteneſs. She was indeed, from head to foot, the mirror of all comelineſs, an Engliſh Phœnix, the only ſupreme fair; of whom it was the general opinion, beauty could no where but in Phœlice's face be found in its perfection, but theſe perfections were ſo many daggers, ſticking poor Guy to the heart; for he imagined theſe charming looks of hers did unto him dart nothing but diſdain; and that which his eyes looked on with delight, did nothing elſe but fill his heart with pain. One while her ſmiles gave him encouragement; another time the ſternneſs of her looks toſſed him upon the billows of deſpair. He would often ſigh at the capriciouſneſs of fortune, that ſhe ſhould deal ſo very ſtrangely by him, to give a wound that beauty would not heal. Then recollecting himſelf, he'd ſay, "Fond man, why will not beauty heal thy wound? Thou

wrongeſt

wrongeſt thyſelf and thy fair goddeſs too, for who can know a woman's heart by her looks? And looking on her is all that thou haſt done. Well, now I'll take a courſe ſhall be more reſolute: I'll ſpeak, or let her know my mind by writing. But if I ſhould, can I have any hopes that ſhe ſhould hear my words, or read my lines? ſhe is Earl Roband's heir, and born too high to liſten to ſuch poor deſigns as mine. For, though I am a gentleman by birth, yet I have no earldoms, nor lordſhips neither; and women are exceeding ambitious, and mouuting up upon the wings of pride, do oftener match themſelves for worldly treaſure, than for that ſacred love that is far more precious; which makes ſome rather wiſh there was no gold, than love ſhould be ſo baſely ſold for it. And if my Phælice ſhould be ſuch a one, what will my words or tears, or ſighs, prevail? I only ſtrive againſt the wind and tide, and heap continual torments on my ſoul. Why ſhould I then attempt, with waxen wings, to fly where Phœbus's chariot burns ſo brightly? But hold," ſaid he, again, " thou timorous lover, and baniſh fear, or let thy paſſion go: be reſolute, and thou ſhalt have ſucceſs; for Phælice, doubtleſs, has a tender heart, and he that ſhoots Love's darts may well befriend thee, becauſe thy love is ſo like his mother's picture. I am reſolved to go to Phælice's bower, and from as true a heart as fleſh can yield, intreat her in a

happy

happy hour to hear me, and with kind pity to remove my ſorrows; to look upon me with a tender breaſt, ſince as her love is inclined, I hold my life."

This ſaid, he unto Warwick Caſtle goes, where the rich jewel of his heart remained. Earl Roband bids him welcome, and prepares to entertain him with a match at hunting, but he to that lends an unwilling ear, and to prevent it pretends ſudden ſickneſs. The Earl was grieved at this alteration, and ſent his own phyſician to him, who told him, that the only remedy conſiſted in his being preſently let blood, and that his body under that diſtemper was very difficult and hard to cure.

To which Guy thus replied, "Doctor, I do applaud yonr judgment, and know full well that what you ſay is true. I find myſelf exceeding ill. But there's a flower, which, if I might but touch, would heal me better far than all the ſkill of Galen and Hippocrates to boot: 'tis called by a pretty pleaſing name, and I think Phælix ſoundeth ſomething like it."

"I know it not," replied the doctor to him, "nor is there in the herbal any flower that beareth ſuch a name, as I remember."

"Yes, yes," ſaid Guy, "I am ſure there is ſuch a flower, and that it is to be got within this caſtle; nor doth it grow far off from yonder tower. But, doctor, I can find it out myſelf, and therefore will not give you ſo much trouble." On which,

the

the doctor left him. Whilſt Guy, bemoaning his unhappy ſtate, ſat ſighing by a window all alone, which window had a very curious proſpect into a pleaſant and delightful garden; in which, as ſuddenly he caſt his eye, he ſaw the adored empreſs of his thoughts, which did ſo much exhilerate his ſoul, that he deſpiſed phyſicians and their potions. Fear now was baniſhed, and Hope reigned as king. "This is a lucky time," ſaid Guy to himſelf, "which I ſo long have waited for. Now the bright ſun of fortune ſhines upon me. Now may I end the grief that love began, and court my deſtiny whlle thus ſhe ſmiles. Now I will enter into yonder ſhade, to court the only paragon of beauty. Phælice, I come. Now, Cupid, now aſſiſt me; prepare an arrow ready for thy bow, and ſend it to the heart of her I love. And ſince I never went a wooing, yet be now propitious to me. Give ſuch prevailing rhetorick to my tongue, that Phælice's heart may hang upon my lips. But above all, grant this, O gentle Cupid, that when I make moſt ſolemn proteſtations of my ſincere and ever conſtant love, ſhe may believe my words.

Then down with ſpeed he goes unto the garden, where, ſoftly knocking, he was ſoon let in by a young maid that waited upon Phælice, who ſeeing him, and thinking he had been ſent thither by her father, as he was coming towards her, roſe up to meet him; whom Guy, with Love's enchanting

chanting eye, beholding, with a becoming mien, accoſts her thus—

" Faireſt of all the curious works of nature, whoſe equal never breathed in common air, more wonderful than any earth can yield, the bright idea of celeſtial beauty! eternal honour wait upon thy name. The ſuit I have to thee is much like that which once Leander come to Hero with, thereby to reap more lovely fruit than ever Mars gained from the Queen of Love when he

he out-witted Vulcan. The preſent which I bring, is a heart filled with love, and love can only ſatisfy my ſoul. Incline, then, Madam, to my humble motion: compaſſionate the griefs that I endure, and let that life that reſts at your devotion be regarded. With pity take my dying heart in cure, and let it not expire in groaning torments, nor burſt with griefs, becauſe too well it loves thee. I know, dear Phælice, that great princes love thee, and deeds of honour for thy ſake have done. But neither king nor prince can love thee more, no, nor ſo much as I, though but the ſon of thy great father's ſteward, for ſo ineſtimable is my love, that whatſoever all others ſhall pretend, can never countervail it."

Whilſt thus poor Guy was making proteſtations, Phælice thus interrupted him—

"O, gentle youth, ſpeak not of love, I pray thee, for that is a thing I have no mind to hear of; virginity with me ſhall live and die. Love is compoſed of play and idleneſs, and leadeth only unto vain delight. Beſides, it is in thee too great a boldneſs, for thou art far inferior to my degree: and ſhould thy love be to my father told, I know it would procure thee a reproof. And therefore learn inſtruction from the proverb, "That princely eagles ſcorn to catch at flies." Then if thou in thy ſuit wouldſt have ſucceſs, let thy deſires be equal to thy fortune, and aim not at thoſe things that are above it. Thou own-

eſt

eſt thyſelf, princes have courted me; then why ſhould I, that have refuſed their courtſhip, ſtoop down ſo low, as to my father's ſteward; nay, lower yet, unto his ſteward's ſon? My youth and beauty is but in its bloom, and I have no mind to throw it away on one that is ſo much inferior to me." And with this anſwer ſhe departed from him, leaving poor Guy more troubled now than ever; for now, grown almoſt hopeleſs in his love, he never does expect its comforts more.

But all his time he does to ſorrow give,
Wiſhing each day the laſt that he may live.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

How Guy, *after his being deſpiſed by* Phælice, *grew almoſt diſtracted, till ſhe, being admoniſhed by a Viſion, ſhews herſelf more favourable to him.*

LOADED with grief, poor Guy could take no reſt, diſtracted in his melancholy mind, refuſing all things that delightful ſeemed, as harſh, diſtaſteful, and abhorred by him. Phælice denies him love, and ſlights his ſuit; and then what comfort can

can the world afford him? He looks like one whom Fate had doomed to death; and like Oreſtes, in his frantic fits, he tears the golden treſſes from his head, or mad Orlando, when of ſenſe deprived, from whom the uſe of reaſon is departed; ſo fares it with this love-tormented man, whoſe ranging thoughts run all into diſorder. Society he ſhuns, and keeps alone, accuſing deſtiny and curſing beauty. He is a friend to none, but hates himſelf beyond the bounds of nature and of love. "Venus," cries he, "how are thy laws forgot, to puniſh him who never did offend thee! What is the cauſe that I am thus rejected? Who interrupts my love to beauty's mirror? I will drag him hence to roaring Erebus, there to be plagued with never ceaſing tortures. I'll to the court of Jove, where my loud ſhouts ſhall, with their clamour, rend the very ſkies. Shall I be cozened, as Orpheus was? Aſſiſt me, Theſeus, to revenge this wrong. Where is Rhadamanth, that juſtice cannot paſs? Eurydice even for a ſong is ſold. Fiends! furies! goblins! hydras! for a fall; I am prepared to manage every one of you. I will mount upon the back of Pegaſus, and in bright Phœbus's ſtames I will wrap myſelf. Then will I tumble windy Æolus to ſleep in Thetis's watery cryſtal lap. From thence I will poſt unto the torrid zone, to find which way fair Phælice's love is fled. Jaſon had luck to win the golden fleece: I like the ſkin, but

care

care not for the horns. Fair Hellen was a wanton Grecian wench. Bold Mars will venture—Venus cannot help it. Truſt a fair face! Not I; let him that liſt. What is Hercules without a club in his hand?"

Thus of his ſenſes was poor Guy deprived; thus did he rave, and ſay he knew not what, being left by Love as blind as Cupid's eyes, till Reaſon re-aſſumed her rule again, and wild diſordered paſſions ceaſed to tyrannize; for in nocturnal viſions Phælice ſaw the power of love, and gave to Guy her heart.

When Morpheus, drowzy ſerjeant of the night, had with his leaden key locked up the ſenſe, and laid on Phælice's eyes his ſable mace, the heart tormentor Cupid, he that wounds, and makes poor lovers buy their bargains dear, ſends from his bow a golden-headed ſhaft, and wounded Phælice in her maiden bed; and to her ſight preſents a martial man, in armour clad, and fit for all encounters. "Give him thy heart," ſaid he, "for he deſerves it. For comely ſhape and limbs, courage, and valour, the world hath not a champion that is like him. Great honour, lady, thou ſhalt thereby gain, to adorn thy birth, that is noble and renowned. He ſhall aſpire to ſuch a height of game, that kings and princes ſhall his friendſhip covet. He ſhall the glory of his country be, and by the ſword perform ſuch wondrous things, that kings ſhall court him to become their champion. Be not ambitious,

tious, then, that thou art high born; nor be diſdainful of a mean eſtate. Be not defiled then with a ſcornful ſoul, nor lifted up, becauſe Heaven has made thee fair, for it is in vain againſt my bow to ſtrive. If I ſay love, it muſt, and ſhall be ſo. Fix not thy thoughts, then, upon worldly wealth, for coin has no affinity to love, although by ſtealth it draws away the heart. Nor can theſe money matches ever be happy; for as the goods of Fortune do decay, ſo does that love which they beget conſume. I know the ſway that golden treaſures bear, by falſe illuſions, and by baſe deceits; and ſee how women's humours now a days run after riches to their own confuſion. I ſee that every abject country peaſant, with gold enough, can buy a dainty wife: but, Phælice, if thou kneweſt as well as I, how much diſpleaſed Heaven is at ſuch abuſes, thou wouldeſt ſcorn that ever virgins ſhould be ſold for gold and ſilver, as your cattle are. Love muſt be ſimple, harmleſs, plain, and pure, and grounded upon ſincere affection; and it muſt likewiſe be reciprocal, or elſe it is not as it ought to be. Love's inward thoughts, too, muſt in outward deeds (ſuch as from ſacred truth proceed) concur. Thy lover comes not for advancement to thee, becauſe thy father is a worthy earl; nor for Arabian ſpice, nor Indian gems; but as great Jupiter to Leda came, it is only to enjoy thy love and beauty. Therefore, ſweet virgin,

uſe

uſe him well and kindly; make much of him—embrace him for thy own, and let him in thy heart have a chief place. Let him no longer for thee moan and grieve, but when thou ſeeſt him next, give him encouragement; and in the arms of thy affection let him be embraced——And with that word *embraced*, he ſhot and hit the very center of her tender heart. Feeling the wound, ſhe ſtarts, and then awaked, being thereby taught to pity ſmarting lovers; for Cupid to the head his arrow drew, becauſe he would be ſure it ſhould hit home. With that ſhe fetched a very grievous ſigh, and from her eyes a ſhower of tears did fall. "Where is," quoth ſhe, "the gentle love god gone, whoſe power I find ſo powerful over all? O! call him back; my fault I do confeſs. I have in love been too much void of pity. Sweet Boy, ſolicit for me to thy mother; for at her altars now will I ſacrifice; and from henceforth no other I will adore. No goddeſs in my ears ſhall gracious be, but ſhe who hath the all-ſubduing power of conquering with delight obdurate hearts. Compaſſion now hath worthy conqueſt made of that ſtrong fort that did reſiſtance make. To make a league, one ſhaft had been ſufficient; a league for life, a truce that laſts till death.

Guy more than life prefers his Phælice's love: Phælice loves him as dear as he doth her; but it is, alas! to him as yet unknown, though he made his apparent long before;

before; that now ſhe is his, he does not yet underſtand; his wound ſtill bleeds, and there is no ſalve applied: till forced by his paſſion, and the pain he feels, he boldly thus his ſecond ſuit begins—

"Phælice, I have been long ago arraigned, and now I from your hand expect my judgment. I have been priſoner in a gaol of woe, ſo ſtrong that now I do demand my ſentence. O ſpeak unto me either life or death, for I am quite grown weary of my life. In that fair form of thine, if kindneſs dwell, expreſs it with [I love;] if none there be, then ſay, [I cannot unto love incline.] Thus thou with me mayeſt make a quick diſpatch. Let then thy frowns or ſmiles declare my fate. For, for this kingdom's crown, I would not long endure theſe racking pains that now I undergo."

Phælice replied—"It is not at my diſpoſal for to yield to love without my friends' conſent, for then I ſhould be guilty of the crime of being diſobedient to my parents. You know my father's greatneſs in the land, and if he ſhould (as probably he will) refuſe the love of one he thinks too mean, how could we bear the ſtroke diſgrace would ſtrike? No remedy but death could eaſe my ſorrow, and ſhame would ſoon become my winding ſheet."

"O doubt not of your father in this caſe!" replied Guy, "for Warwick's noble earl ſhall ſee ſuch noble deeds of valour done

done by me, he neither will, nor can deny, the match. Enjoin me what adventures thou thinkeſt fit, that wounds and ſcars may let my body bleed."

"Why, then," quoth Phælice, "make thy valour ſhine throughout the world as glorious as the ſun; and I will to thee give my heart, ſoul, and life, and which ſhall crown the reſt, my trueſt love. Let deeds of honour by thy hands be done: and by a martial life enhance thy fame; and for a recompence of all thy toil, take Phælice for thy true and lawful wife."

"To gain thy love," ſaid Guy, "I aſk no more; and ſhall eſteem it bought at an eaſy rate. O that I were at work! my taſk to prove with ſome ſuch churliſh man as Hercules.

Phælice, this kiſs is all that now I crave,
And till I've purchas'd fame, no more I'll have.

CHAP. III.

How Guy, *taking Leave of* Phælice, *took Shipping for* France, *and landed in* Normandy, *where he fought with three Champions, delivering a fair Lady whom was condemned to die.*

GUY now by Phælice freed from Sorrow's thrall, arms his great thoughts with Honour's enterprize, and ſo embarking, ſails away for France, leaving behind him England, and his joy. He ſeeks for enemies, he longs for foes, and deſires nothing more than a fair opportunity to ſignalize the glory of his arms. And being ſafe arrived in Normandy, and having eſcape

escaped the fury of a storm, Guy and the captain of the vessel both went ashore, and there refreshed themselves; but they had not long been there, before their ears were deafened with the loud shouts of a multitude of people, and with the louder noise of drums and trumpets. This warlike noise extremely pleased our Guy, for now he thought there would be work for him, who wanted nothing more than some encounter. Therefore, enquiring of his host the cause of those loud noises that he heard without, he told him, that a beautiful young lady, whose name was called Dorinda, having been ravished by the Duke of Blois's son, and charged him with the crime, she was committed by the Duke, his father, unto prison, as one that had accused him falsely of the crime; and that three ruffians were suborned to swear she laid that crime to him on purpose to prevent his marriage with the princess of Parma, that she might be revenged for his breach of promise made to her; which so incensed the old duke, that he condemned her to be burnt, unless she had a champion to vindicate her innocence, by fighting with her three accusers. This news much pleased Guy, who was resolved to vindicate the innocent, and lay here a foundation for his future fame. So that, enquiring further into it, and finding that the cause he was about to undertake was just, he presently gave order for his horse and arms to

be got ready; and ſo, accoutring himſelf in his warlike habiliments, he then took his leave of his hoſt, and alſo of the captain, who had in vain endeavoured to diſſuade him from it. And having deſired the captain (who would willingly have gone along with him) to wait for his return, he rode unto the place of combat, where he ſaw the lady faſtened unto the ſtake, with ſeveral friends about her, lamenting for her hard fate. Guy ſcarce had time for to take a view of her, before thoſe villains who had falſely accuſed her, entered the liſts, well armed and mounted, and proudly wheeling to the right and left, they made a ſtand; one of them demanding, in a very haughty manner, whether any there preſent durſt enter the liſts to vindicate the innocence of that condemned criminal. "Let him come forth, and I ſhall ſoon," ſaid he, "make him repent his raſh and unadviſed undertaking." This ſet Guy all on fire, who thereupon entering the liſts, rode up, and ſaid, "Yes, here is a man, thou perjured villain! that dares to vindicate a wronged lady's honour; and know, that I ſo little fear you, that I will revenge her quarrel, not ſingly, with one only, but with you all together; that ſo the matter may be the ſooner ended." This ſpeech of Guy's ſo much enraged his adverſary, that giving order for the trumpet's ſounding, both couched their ſpears, and ſo encountered each other, and with ſo much

much fury, that the earth trembled under them; but Guy had ſo much the advantage, that coming with his ſpear directly on his adverſary's breaſt, he found out a paſſage through it to his heart, ſo that he ſtraight fell down, and with one groan expired.

The remaining combatants, vowing revenge for their companion's death, charged both with deſperate fury upon Guy, who thereupon drew out his maſſy and well tempered blade, and brandiſhing it in his hand, ſoon made them feel it was like the

sword of fate, which there was no withstanding; so that, one falling dead by his companion, and the other being wounded, begged on his knees that life he had so justly forfeited; which, that he might more easily obtain, he made a free confession of his crime, and shewed how they had all been hired to accuse the lady, by Philbertus, the Duke's son, who really was guilty, and for a thousand crowns had hired them all to bear false witness for him, against that lady whom he had abused.

This full discovery caused through all the field an universal shout; each magnifying the valour and generosity of Guy; and we may be assured the lady was not behind hand in sounding out the praise of her deliverer; but who this generous stranger was, was what all wished to know, but none could tell. When he alighted, and unbound her, she joyfully embraced his knees, imploring of a thousand blessings on his head, offering what rewards he pleased to have, but he refused them all, telling her, what he did was out of love to virtue and honour, but wished her to take care of her own safety, by timely getting out of the Duke's power, lest he should use some other means to take away her life. So, bidding her farewell, he rode back to the ship, and there related to the captain what befell him, who, with no little joy, heard the relation. Yet, after some consideration, it was judged best to stay no longer in that harbour;

harbour; and so they weighed their anchors and sailed out to sea.

Thus did brave Guy a treble victory win,
Or else the lady in bad plight had been.

CHAP. IV.

How Philbertus, *the Duke of* Blois's *Son, hearing what* Guy *had done, followed him to the Sea, where a dreadful Fight happened between them, in which* Philbertus *and his Men were taken Prisoners.*

AS much haste as Guy and the captain made to get out of the harbour, yet they were not altogether out of danger; for Philbertus being informed that one Guy, a native of England, had not only overcome his knights of the post, but that his villainy was also thereby discovered, and the injured lady freed, and got out of his reach; it made his anger boil up to the utmost pitch of rage, threatening to wreak his malice on the head of Guy, for doing him so great an injury, and therefore he secretly armed sixty of his servants and his

attendants, and with them made all the haſte imaginable to the port where he had information Guy's ſhip lay, thinking to ſurprize him and the lady there together. But finding himſelf diſappointed, and that Guy had ſet ſail three hours before his coming, his diſappointment made his rage boil higher, eſpecially believing Guy fled for fear of him, and that he was alſo conveying the lady away with him. Whereupon, going aboard a ſtout veſſel that lay in that harbour, he commanded them to weigh anchor, and make all the ſail they could after the Engliſh ſhip, which by a ſmall boat juſt come into port, he was informed was ſailed to the eaſtward. The mariners immediately got ready, and having a fair wind, and the ſhip being a very good ſailer, in the running of a glaſs and a half they came within ſight of the ſhip wherein Guy was. No ſooner was the French ſhip come in ſight, but the mariners gave notice of it to their captain, who, viewing of the ſhip with his proſpect glaſs, told Guy, that he was ſure they were purſued; and alſo, that the enemy being treble their number, their beſt way was to hoiſt up all their ſails, and to make the beſt of their way; and that then, by the help of the evening, he did not doubt but to get clear of them. "Why, how many ſhips," ſaid Guy, "are they that chace us?"—"Why," ſaid the captain, "I diſcern no more than one at preſent, but it

it is a good stout ship, and carries thrice the men on board that we do."

"Well, well," said Guy, "if that be all, be of good courage, and the first thing we do let us tack about, and meet them like courageous Englishmen. I will bear the brunt of war myself alone. I would not, for the crown of France, I will swear it, have it reported that Guy ever fled." This speech had that effect upon the seamen, that

that one and all cried, "Let us engage them ſtraight." Nor did the captain now appear leſs willing. And ſo they cried—"All hands aloft," to put them in a poſture of defence, which they had no ſooner done, but up the French ſhip comes and grapples them. This Guy was glad to ſee, hoping he ſhould be with them preſently, and therefore he gave orders to let the French board them without much difficulty; who, by that means, ſuppoſing they had been victorious, gave ſuch a ſhout as victors do at land. This inſolence made Guy ſo lay about him, each blow he ſtruck was more than human force, and in a few moments all the deck was nothing but a ſcene of blood and ſlaughter. No armour was of proof againſt his ſword, for at each blow freſh ſtreams of blood ran down. Philbertus was amazed at the diſmal ſight, and wiſhed himſelf in his own ſhip again; and ordered thoſe few that were left alive, if poſſible, to get to his own ſhip, and then immediately ungrapple; which Guy perceiving, having cleared his deck, he ſoon leaped on board of the French ſhip, and ſingly there maintained a bloody fight, hewing them down with ſo much fury that many of them, to eſcape his ſword, leaped into the ſea. Philbertus ſeeing this, gave all the encouragement to his men that was poſſible; and as one now grown deſperate, charged on Guy's helmet with ſuch force as made it ſparkle fire; at which, undaunted,

Guy

Guy returned him ſuch a blow, as at his feet made him fall down for dead; which made the ſoldiers all throw down their arms, and cry aloud for quarter. And thereupon Guy, who was always merciful to conquered foes, ended the battle, commanding all his men to fight no more: in which time Philbertus came to himſelf again, and with a low ſubmiſſion begged his life, which Guy as freely gave him. And having removed him and the reſt into his own ſhip, ſet fire to that of Philbertus, and ſailed on his intended voyage, coaſting along the ſhore, until they touched upon that part of Normandy that borders upon Germany; where Guy, with an undaunted courage, landed; and there was welcomed with the pleaſing news, that a great tilt and tournament was to be held for Blanch, the Emperor's daughter, a beautiful and an accompliſhed lady, who was to be the victor's prize, who thereby had a right to marry her, and to have with her a brace of greyhounds, a faulcon, and a milk white ſteed. Upon this welcome news, Guy diſcharges the captain of the veſſel, leaving the priſoners with him to diſpoſe of at his pleaſure; who putting them to their ranſom, they obtained their liberty, while Guy, with eager haſte, rode to his royal tilting.

And flush'd with victory already won,
Thought greater things might by him now be done.

CHAP. V.

How Guy *triumphed over all the* German *Princes, and won beauteous* Blanch, *the Emperor's Daughter, and after leaving her, returned to* England.

GUY of his captain having took his leave, goeth where there was more buſineſ

buſineſs to be done: for, hearing that there was to be a meeting of valiant knights from divers Chriſtian lands, that did intend to run the race of valour, for which a great advantage was propounded, it was charming muſick to his greedy ear. The prize that drew them all unto this place, was the daughter unto the Almain emperor, fair Blanch, whoſe wonderous face had that attractive power, that it united all the Graces in her. It was thither all the worthies poſting came. Who won the damſel, (for ſo was the law) by manly courage, and victorious might, ſhould have her mounted on a milk white ſteed, attended with two greyhounds, and a faulcon, all of the ſame colour, (if white may be ſo called.) This was his lot that could obtain the day, to bear away the honour, and the maid. Our Engliſh knight prepares him for the field, where kings and princes alſo preſent were, and dukes and earls a very great aſſembly held, about that wonderous fair, and beauteous prize. Though only one muſt ſpeed, and hundreds miſs, yet there each man imagines Blanch his own. The ſpacious field wherein they were aſſembled hardly afforded room for the armed knights. The golden, glittering armour that was there, darted the ſun beams back into the clouds. The pampered horſes proudly pranced about, to hear the clamour of the trumpets ſound.

A German

A German prince of an undaunted ſpirit did the firſt onſet and encounter give unto an earl, whoſe valour did requite him with blow for blow, as reſolutely brave, till, by a ſtroke on his head the earl received, he was unhorſed, falling on the ground for dead.

Next, Guy, with courage, to the prince comes forth, and fights juſt like another Hercules; like force he never felt before, nor ſince, nor never was put into ſuch hard extremes. Juſt where himſelf had laid the earl before, there down comes he, both horſe and man, to the ground.

Duke Otton ſeeing this, was in a rage, and with ſuch wrathful humours was incenſed, he vowed by Heaven that nothing ſhould appeaſe his fury, but the death of that proud foe. "Prepare thee now," quoth he, "to breathe thy laſt, monſter or devil, whatſoever thou be." They join together in a dreadful fight, the clattering armour ſounds, the ſplinters fly, and the aſcending duſt will not let them ſee: their blood allays it, ſtreaming from their wounds. Both their ſwords break; they alight, and with main force Guy threw the duke to the ground, that his bone did crack.

Duke Rainer would revenge his couſin then, and for the encounter next of all prepares. "I ſee," quoth Guy, "that you are leſs than men, that with a blow, or fall, are vexed ſo ſoon. But come and welcome, I am ready for you. We ſay, in

England,

England, "The weakeſt muſt go to the wall." Then they together ruſhed, and ſhook the ground, whilſt animating trumpets ſonnd the alarm. In Rainer's ſhoulders Guy made ſuch a wound, that he ſoon loſt the uſe of his right arm; who thereupon yielded himſelf as vanquiſhed.

Then for a while all ſtood amazed at Guy, none being forward to encounter him, till Lovain's duke reſolved to try his fortune, having good hope that he might better ſpeed. Then fitting fair on a proud ſteed that ill endured the bit, well mounted and well armed, "I think," quoth he, "thou ſome enchanter art, that in thine arm the force of magick haſt."—"I will teach thee to believe, ere I have done," quoth Guy, "for thou ſhalt feel that I can charm. I will conjure with no other ſpell but iron, by which I will ſend thee unto heaven or to hell." With that, he gave him ſuch a cruel ſtroke, that he could but a weak reply return; then with a ſecond and a third he broke his helmet. With that, "Hold, hold," cried he, "I have enough—I will rather yield than die. Let them fight for a woman that deſire it. I think the devil ſcarce can deal with thee."

Then not a man more would encounter him, they were all terrified, and ſtood in fear, and againſt Guy were all filled with rage. "What," ſaid they, "ſhall a ſtranger bear the honour of this great day? What curſed fortune is this, that he ſhould have

have the glory of the field? Amongſt themſelves they curſed his happineſs, and could have killed him, but that no man dared put his own life in hazard by his so doing. If wiſhes might have done it, he had died; but there was no man durſt attempt for to fight him.

The emperor then ſent a knight for Guy, and aſked his name, and of his birth and country, which he told him. "Then," ſaid his majeſty, "I muſt commend thy haughty courage, reſolutely bold. Brave Engliſhman, thou art my country's pride: in Europe lives not ſuch another man. I do admire thy worth, great is thy valour; my tongue cannot ſuffice for to ſpeak thy praiſe. Aſcend to honour's juſt deſerved ſeat; thou art a ſecond Hector in mine eyes. This day thy worthy hand has ſhewed me more than in my life before I ever ſaw. Come and receive thy due deſert of me. My daughter's love is free at thy diſpoſal. The greyhounds, ſteed, and faulcon, take unto thee; thy worthineſs does merit more than theſe. Hold—here is a jewel, wear it for my ſake, which ſhall be as a witneſs of my love."

Guy thanked his highneſs for his gracious favours, and vowed him ſervice whilſt his life did laſt. Then to the princeſs, with a mild behaviour, he caſt a reverend, humble, modeſt, look, ſaying—"Fair lady, Fortune is my friend, that ſuch a beauty to my lot is given. Madam, accept your loyal Engliſh

gliſh knight to do you ſervice when you ſhall command it; who, while he hath a drop of blood to ſpend, will ſacrifice it all on your behalf, againſt whoſoever ſhall dare to contradict you. Too high it is for me to be your huſband; it is enough for to be your ſervant Guy. In England doth my marriage love remain, to whom I muſt and will be true for ever; about whoſe face ſuch pains hath Nature took, I durſt have ſworn fleſh never could have matched it. But now I find, and ever ſhall acknowledge it, there is a Phœnix in the world beſides her, and that is yourſelf: and I dare all mankind to ſay one tittle that ſhall contradict it; but which is faireſt there is no eye can tell; no human judgement in the world can try it, or poſitively ſay which hath moſt beauty, Blanch, or my fair bride. I dare be bold to call your beauties twins; and that compared unto either of you, Venus herſelf was but a black Moor. Oh, Phælice! here is thy picture in this princeſs. Methinks thou art preſent in her lovely looks. Thou that of my ſoul's faculties art miſtreſs, recorded in Time's brazen leaſed book, if I to thee prove falſe, even in thought, and much more in my actions, Jove's fearful vengeance light upon my head.

Quoth Blanch, "Thy conſtancy," and then ſhe ſighed, "is highly to be praiſed, and thou applauded. He that Love's promiſe will not faithful keep, in horrors and

in

in torments let him dwell, But I ſuppoſe thy vows are yet unmade, and ſo what thy ſword won thy heart may take."

"Madam," ſaid Guy, "what I avouch is true; and I dare call even Heaven to witneſs it: my proteſtations are above the ſkies; and he who made them, knows I ſpeak the truth. Madam, the ſun declines, and the day grows ancient, I will therefore humbly take my leave of you, for now my body is to repoſe inclined, although my troubled mind can take no reſt; my reſtleſs mind is now in Warwick Caſtle, although my body be in Normandy. Here I make others bend, but there I bow, and lie as low as the humble ground; even at Love's feet to the ground I caſt myſelf. Though victory my temples here have crowned, I cannot ſtay, I muſt to England back. My mind miſgives me that Phælice is not well. Like my ſad thoughts, my armour ſhall be black, and in a mournful iron ſhell it will ſuit me; for where the mind ſuſpicious cares does meet with, diſtruſt is ever dealing doubtful ſnares. Yet I have much good fortune on my ſide, that know the means how to attain my bliſs; for Phælice ties her love unto my conditions, and ſhe for this, I truſt, will be my own. By this ſhe may; but if ſhe more requeſt, there is nothing in the world that I will deny her."

With haſty journey, therefore, home he goes, leaving the vulgar unto nine days wonder.

yonder. And being safe arrived upon English ground, he unto Phælice posted; for too long he thought each minute that he staid away. And coming to her presence, he beholds her with greater joy, and with more chearful looks than pen can write, or can by tongue be told.

What tongue can tell, what pen can write,
how sweet
Are absent lovers' joys when once they meet!

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

How Guy, *returning to* Warwick, *was re-ceived by* Phælice; *by whom he was ſent forth again to ſeek new Adventures; but be-fore he went deſtroyed a monſtrous Dun Cow upon* Dunſmore Heath.

PHÆLICE having received the news of Guy's arrival upon the Engliſh ſhore, and of the mighty fame he had acquired, by all the warlike deeds his hands had done, expected ſoon to ſee him at her father's caſtle, preparing to receive him according to his worth, and to the great affection ſhe had for him. Nor did her expectations fail her, for Guy made all the haſte a man could make, to lay the prize of

all his glorious conqueſts at her feet. Where being come, after ſalutes, and mutual embraces, Guy thus beſpoke her—

"Fair foe," ſaid he, "I come to challenge thee; for there is no man that I can meet will fight me. I have been where a crew of cowards are, but none that dare maintain the right of ladies; good, proper, and well ſpoken men, indeed, but let me win a princeſs from them all. Phælice, this ſword hath won an emperor's daughter, as ſweet a wench as any lives in all Europe. I bought her at the price of blood and wounds; well worth my bargain: but thy better face hath made me leave her to ſome other's lot; for I proteſt, by Heaven, I could not love her. This ſtately ſteed, this faulcon, and theſe hounds, I took, as in full payment of the reſt; for I have always kept my love to thee incloſed within the center of my heart. My conſtancy to thee I have ſtill preſerved, leaving all other women as they are. But ſay, my Phælice, ſhall I now obtain thee? Wilt thou conſent that Hymen tie our hands? Art thou reſolved to keep ſtill to thy vow, that none but I ſhall ever have thy heart? Canſt thou forſake the world, change thy condition, and now become thy true and faithful lover's wife?"

To whom fair Phælice thus replied again, "Know, worthy knight, my joys have been enlarged at the report of thy great deeds abroad; ſome where, I hear, in ſuch a bloody

a bloody ſweat, their valour, fame, and reputation bleeds. Therefore, my Guy, give thee humble thanks, that thou for me ſo much didſt undergo, and for my ſake ſuch hard adventures made. To win princeſs, was a precious prize: but ſure, methinks, if I Sir Guy had been, ſhe greater favour from me ſhould have found, than take a horſe, and turn a lady by. What is a horſe, a faulcon, and a hound, more worthy than ſo beautiful a lady? Perhaps you will ſay it was done for love of me: I do imagine, nay, believe it is; and tho' I jeſt, I will do more for thee, than thou, or any but myſelf doth know; I will never marry while life's glaſs doth run, but only to thyſelf. But give me leave, my love, to ſpeak my mind; let me lock up my ſecrets in thy breaſt. I had a viſion did affection move: Cupid came to me, whilſt I ſlumbering lay, and in my mother's name commanded me to love thee. And whilſt he was to this perſuading me, an armed man, juſt as I ſee thee now, he ſet before my eyes, and thus he ſpake: Phœbice, be gentle hearted, bow and yield, and do not the ſovereign power of love oppoſe; but all thy loyalty, thy truth, and thy love, beſtow it freely on this matchleſs youth: throughout the world his fame admired ſhall be; and mighty men ſhall tremble at his wrath; to end the quarrels of great kings ſhall he be often courted. His worthineſs no common path ſhall tread;

but

but actions to be feared he ſhall effect, and to paſs bring things of the greateſt moment." This in effect he did to me relate, and to his will I have obedient been. Now how to hate thee, if I would, I know not; for I have of perfect kindneſs learnt the ſkill. Believe me, Guy, for if it were not thus, this ſecret of my heart thou ſhouldeſt not know. But now, my love, before thou doſt poſſeſs thy conſtant Phælice in her marriage bed, thou muſt far greater and more worthy deeds perform than what thou haſt already done. The winning of a lady and her ſteed, are but ſmall things to what thou yet muſt do. I will ever love thee, though thou never doeſt more, but cannot grant the uſe of love till then.

Quoth Guy, "Not grant the uſe of love, fair Phælice! Then I perceive, I muſt again go travel, and ſee what fate has for me ſtill to do. I will content thee, love, one way or other, and either ſlay, or elſe be ſlain myſelf, ere I into this realm again return; and thou confeſs I have thy dream fulfilled. Aſſiſt me, Heaven, as I ſincerely mean, for I proteſt, by all the Powers above, no unjuſt quarrel ever ſhall make me fight, nor yet to wrong the wronged will I ever incline; for thoſe that by oppreſſion fall I will ſtand: in Honour's cauſe my life I will freely venture. Come, my Bellona, my ſword do thou girt on, and in thy ivory arms embrace my armour, and

ſuch

ſuch kind kiſſes as thou canſt afford, beſtow upon me in the ſtead of charms. Upon Ulyſſes's loving wife I think, and how thou now her life doth imitate. Farewel, my Phælice; health and happineſs attend thee to thy heart's deſire for ever! and like ſucceſs I beſeech God grant to me! as I my love to thee ſhall keep entire. When War's ſtern looks abroad I have performed, at my return Hymen will make amends."

Unto Earl Roband next does Guy repair, and tells him, he is come to take his leave; for he muſt go where Honour finds him work, and there receive the juſt rewards of virtue. At home, my honourable lord, ſaid he, I find that valour has no ſtage for action, I will therefore ſearch what is to be done abroad; from kingdom to kingdom I will go, and find out work, for no good comes of idleneſs; it only bringeth men up to ſloth and cowardice, and I hate cowards, as I hate the devil."

To which the earl returned, "Dear Guy, thou makeſt me grieve at this ſad news; and more becauſe thou haſt diſappointed me. The news is more than I can well endure. I hoped I ſhould enjoy thy wiſhed for company, and thou wouldſt go no more abroad; and now thou ſpeakeſt of new adventures. O change thy mind, brave Guy, and ſtay with me; no longer truſt to Fortune's treacherous ſmiles; though now ſhe hath ſo kindly dealt with thee, yet ſhe may leave thee to an unlucky hour, and

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To this Guy anſwered thus, "My noble Lord, that man of Dangers muſt not be afraid that to adventures doth himſelf diſpoſe, but muſt ſupported be with reſolution, and for his foes ſtill think himſelf too good. I will never fear I ſhall be overcome, whilſt I have hands, to fight, or legs to ſtand. Therefore I will leave your honour, wiſhing all health unto your happy ſtate. If Fortune means to frown, yet ſhe ſhall ſee that I will diſdain her hate. What ſtar ſoever ſwayed when I was born, I have a mind will laugh at all misfortunes."

The Earl perceiving him reſolved to go, told him, that he would be no hinderance to his proceedings, and only would aſk one requeſt of him before he went. Guy told him, whatſoever he aſked that was within his power to perform, he ſhould not be denied. Then, ſaid the Earl, it is this, that when you are once again come ſafe to England you will go abroad no more, but live at home with me. Which Guy having promiſed him, prepared for his departure, and ſoon after took his leave, going to the ſea-ſide, there to embark for France.

Being come there, and ready to embark, the wind proved contrary, and ſo continued for ſix days together; during which time, Fame, through each corner of the land, had made a

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Being come there, and ready to embark, the wind proved contrary, and ſo continued for ſix days together; during which time, Fame, through each corner of the land, had made a

mighty noiſe of an exceeding great and monſterous cow, lurking within the woods not many miles from Warwick, making moſt dreadful devaſtations, deſtroying man, and beaſt, and putting all their keepers unto flight, being ſo mighty ſtrong, that it was thought not poſſible to deſtroy it; and ſome affirm, that ſhe was at leaſt four yards in height and ſix in length, and had a head proportionable, with two ſharp horns growing direct, with eyes reſembling lightning for their fierceneſs; and was of a dun colour, and from thence named the Dun Cow: and the place where ſhe lay, being on the borders of a great heath, was from thence called Dunſmore Heath, which name it retains to this day.

Upon notice, which was given to the King, (who was then at York) of the havock and ſlaughter which was made by this monſtrous creature, he offered knighthood, and ſeveral other privileges, to any one that would undertake to deſtroy it. But ſuch was the terror ſhe had ſpread throughout the country, that none was found ſo hardy as to adventure himſelf on ſuch a dangerous enterprize; and the abſence of Guy (who by this time was ſuppoſed to be in France), was generally lamented; all believing he would undertake it.

Guy (who was all this while waiting for a fair wind) hearing the diſcourſe of the country, and hating to be idle, reſolved privately to go and engage with this deſtroyer of his country;

country; and ſo taking his ſword, a ſtrong battle-axe, and his bow and quiver with him, he rode *incognito* to the place where this monſter uſed to lodge, which was in a great thicket of trees which grew on the ſide of a heath, near a pool of ſtanding water. Finding, as he rode along, the cottages and houſes every where thereabouts deſerted, and the carcaſes of men and beaſt lie ſcattered round about, which filled him with great pity and compaſſion for his country, and extreme reſentment againſt that monſtrous deſtroyer.

Being come at laſt within bow-ſhot of the place, the monſter eſpied him, and thruſting her head through the thicket, her dreadful eyes were enough to fill any heart with terror, but that of the courageous Guy, who, notwithſtanding her horrid roaring, ſoon bent his bow of ſteel, and as he was one of the expertеſt archers that England then could boaſt of, drawing his arrow to the head, let fly, which, ſtriking on the monſter's hide, rebounded back as from an adamantine wall, without the leaſt impreſſion being made; at which, whilſt Guy was in ſome admiration, the dreadful beaſt, ſwift as the Eaſtern winds, came running towards him with her ſharp-pointed horns, aiming directly at him, which he obſerving, lifted his battle-axe on high, and on the forehead ſtruck her ſuch a blow as made her to recoil and roar moſt hideouſly, and yet enraged more ſhe came on again; and clapping her horns upon his breaſt, dinted his armour,

though of higheſt proof, before he could avoid her, but wheeling his warlike ſteed about, he met her again, and with redoubled ſtrokes gave her a deſperate wound under the ear, the only place ſhe could be wounded in ſo ſenſibly; whereat ſhe again roared, ſnorted, and ſtamped on the ground: and by this, Guy perceiving ſhe was mortal, followed that ſtroke, with others no leſs forcible, by which at laſt ſhe fell upon the ground; and Guy alighting from his horſe, hewed her ſo long, till with a horrid groan ſhe breathed her laſt. Then leaving her almoſt deluged in her own blood, he rode to the next town that was inhabited, and there made known the monſter's death, to the great joy of the inhabitants. The people loaded him with preſents, and honoured him with thanks; and all the country came in to ſee that monſter dead which, when alive, they ſtood ſo much afraid of.

And though Guy thought to get away before the King had notice of it, yet Fame was ſwifter far than Guy, and he was ſent for by the King before he could get on ſhip-board, and ſo was forced to go to York, where he was no ſooner arrived, but the King embraced him, and after a ſplendid entertainment, he gave him the order of knighthood, and many rich gifts, cauſing one of the ribs of the ſaid monſter to be hanged up in Warwick Caſtle. And Guy having departed from the King very well ſatisfied with his entertainment, and the wind

now

now ſerving, he goes on board to ſeek freſh adventures in foreign lands.

Where he ſo many wond'rous things did do
As ſtagger'd Faith and non-plus'd Reaſon too.

CHAP. VII.

How Guy, *with* Heraud, *and two other Knights, were aſſaulted by ſixteen Villains that lay in Ambuſcade for him in a Wood, whom he deſtroyed, having killed two, and wounded the other of the Knights; and afterwards aſſiſted the Duke of* Lovain, *who was beſieged by the Emperor, &c.*

NOW Guy expects a favourable gale, and has it even to its heart's deſire, and with a ſpeedy paſſage doth he ſail to ſeek new adventures once again in France, where finding none, from thence away he goes to Lovain, where the Emperor beſieged the Duke thereof, becauſe he had the misfortune to kill the Emperor's couſin, whom he greatly loved, and therefore took his death exceeding ill; and thereupon a quarrel did ariſe, and wars enſued between two mighty foes. Thither goes Guy to lend the Duke his aid, but in the way

a plot to take his life was by the falſe Duke Otton baſely laid, although it was not effected, for Guy ſo well about him laid, that it ſucceeded not. The matter was, Otton, before in France by Guy diſgraced, had vowed, where-ever he met him he ſhould die. And to that end ſixteen appointed were to lie in ambuſh, that they might ſurprize him, who in a foreſt ſlyly hid themſelves, and on a ſudden all ſurrounded Guy, who was only attended with three Knights, and never before was Guy in like diſtreſs. But ſeeing how it was, "Now, friends," ſaid he, "ſhew yourſelves right-bred Engliſh gentlemen. Here is indeed ſome odds ſixteen to three, but I the fourth, will ſtand you in ſome ſtead; you three ſhall combat ſix, that is two to one, and leave the other ten alone to me." With that, he drew his ſword, and laid ſo about him that in the air their rattling armour ecchoed, and down they quickly dropped on every ſide. Guy quickly made diſpatch of his half ſcore. But there remained halt a dozen more, which had ſlain two of his beloved Knights, which he no ſooner knew but ſtraight he ſtamped upon the ground, and with a fearful tone, he uttered forth theſe words—"Ah, villains! how my ſoul abhors this ſight; for theſe how my revengeful paſſions ſtrive! This bloody deed with blood I will repay; you die, though you had each a thouſand lives. Two you have ſlain outright, and wounded Heraud, which is the laſt curſed act you ſhall do. And then

with

with force, almoſt exceeding all that human arm could ever boaſt, he lays upon them blows which made them reel, and quickly brought them breathleſs to the ground. At length, cut all in piece-meals for the fowls—"Lie there," quoth Guy, "and feaſt the hungry crows, or feed the ſavage beaſt that hither come. But for theſe worthy gentlemen that have loſt their lives in the defence of me, and for my ſake left England's pleaſant ſoil, them will I inter in honourable wiſe, with what ſolemnity the place affords, and be myſelf a mourner at their funeral.

From thence unto a hermit not far off he rode, and did with care that charge to him commit, who did that office carefully perform, and bare home wounded Heraud to his cell, who was not dead (though Guy ſuppoſed him ſlain) but quickly by the hermit was recovered.

Now Guy goes forth, ſad, penſive, and perplexed, grieving that deſtiny had dealt ſo hardly, to take away his dearly beloved company, and leave him as he travelled all alone, that none could eaſe the torments of his mind. But in his lonely ſolitary travel, at laſt his fortune brought him to a place that was for honour very much renowned, and there he met with tilts and tournaments which entertained him with delight and glory. And there kind Fortune gave him her conſent to win the prize from every valiant knight; of all the worthy men that thither came, not

one could match him in Duke Reyner's Court.

Then to the Duke of Milan he repairs, where he is admired of all for his great worth, and underſtanding ſome affairs of weight fell out betwixt Duke Segwin of Lovain, and the Emperor, he from the Duke of Milan went his way, and forthwith took his journey to Lovain But as he paſſed through the way he met a pilgrim that with travel ſeemed faint, whom he greets, and with ſome news entreats him to refreſh his longing ear. He with a ſigh or two, ſaid—"Sir, with news I have but little buſineſs; there is but one thing in the world I care for, and only that and nothing elſe I mind: I in deſpair do ſeek a man, becauſe I have long ſought, but cannot find him; a man more to me than all the men in the world beſide."

"Thou ſpeakeſt," ſaid Guy, "like one that haſt ſome gratitude. But tell me, pray, what man art thou? And what is he for whom thou haſt expreſſed ſo great a kindneſs?

"I am an Engliſhman of Knight's degree," quoth Heraud, "and the ſubject of my grief is the loſs of one Sir Guy, my countryman."

Guy then, with tears of joy, embraces him. "And art thou living, Heraud, my dear friend?" ſaid Guy, and kindly took him in his arms. "Then here I bid my ſorrows all adieu. Pray, who thy wounds did cure?"

Heraud,

Heraud, no leſs ſurprized with joy and wonder, to find Sir Guy, his countryman, again, cried out, "And have I found thee thus, my friend? My pains and travel have been well rewarded. It was the good old Hermit that ſaved me, by the medicine he applied." Then each embraced and both renewed their joys, at this ſo good and happy meeting. No angry ſtar with inauſpicious rays befel them then, but both were well content.

Then mounting on their ſteeds, they bend their courſe with eaſy pace, unto Duke Lovain's Court, where they his city find in great diſtreſs, ſtraightly beſieged by the Emperor's forces. But Segwin was extremely ſatisfied that worthy Guy was come unto his aid—"For now," quoth he, "I dare be bold to ſay, we have an honourable valiant man—adviſe me, warlike Knight, what is to be done to free me from the danger I am in?"

"My Lord," quoth Guy, "great as the danger ſeems, myſelf will find a way to ſet you free. Let us preſently upon them iſſue forth, our courages will make the cowards fly."

"The council," quoth the Duke, "I do approve, and to thy project give my free conſent. Let life, limb, blood, be loſt, I will follow thee. So let all do, that come to me in love."

Then ſuddenly they ruſh out of the city, and on the Almains ſuddenly ſet; where they did ſuch a bloody ſlaughter make, that many

thouſand lives were ſoon cut off. Of 30,000 that beſieged the town, there ſcarce was 3000 that eſcaped.

The Emperor at this was much perplexed, but with new forces gave a freſh aſſault; as knowing well they could not be relieved, and ſo their ſtrength muſt weaken by degrees. And therefore coming with a new ſupply, believed he in ſhort time might famiſh them. Guy and the Duke appear upon the walls, and tell him, he ſhall never win the town, for they can ſpare his ſoldiers what proviſion they can deſire, and ſo flung down abundance of victuals from the walls, and withal told them, that if they wanted, he could ſpare them more. "And now," quoth Guy, "that we have fed your bodies, I hope your ſtomachs will be up to fight; but I am afraid you are not rightly bred, but, like ſome dunghill cocks, will crow, and run away. But ſtill, when cowards do a fray begin, before the battle ends, away they run, and ſo yourſelves have lately done, we ſee. Your tongues we heard, but could not feel your hands. Your words were hot, but actions cool enough; though, I confeſs, your heels are wonderous nimble. We did believe, that when you firſt came hither we ſhould have found you men of ſtrength and courage; but having tried you, find it is no ſuch matter, unleſs you could ſurprize us while we ſleep; for awaking we will encounter one for ten, and never wiſh to have a better match. And if you can do

better

better, let us ſee it; therefore prepare, for we will be with you preſently."—And then upon their foes forthwith they flew, fighting like men that laughed pale Death to ſcorn; for they reſolved they would their city free, or never live to ſee another morning. Much blood was ſhed, and many lives it coſt; but in the end the Almains loſt the day. The Duke with Guy, ſwiftly purſued their foes, who, like ſo many hares, fled away.

The victors to the city back repaired, with trophies of the glory they had gained, and all that heard the action much admired the great exploit ſo reſolutely done. But unto Guy the Duke returned his thanks; "For thou," quoth he, "art Cæſar of our field."

"My Lord," quoth Guy, "I take not ſo much joy that I have by my ſword your freedom wrought, as I ſhould glory, if it were my hap, to make the Emperor and you good friends. Give me but leave, and I will do my endeavour, and put good-will to a blunt ſoldier's wit.

The Duke conſented, and deſires Sir Guy to take a guard of ſoldiers from the town.

Then Guy forthwith went to the Emperor, and being by his officers conducted into his preſence, he beſpeaks him thus—

"All health to your Imperial Majeſty, and peace to thee, if thou to us ſay peace; and love to thee, if thou wilt love embrace. As we are Chriſtians, let us war no more, but fight againſt thoſe that are foes to Heaven.

We do not sue thee in a servile manner, as fearing any force or power thou hast; for victory on our side displays its banner, and to our view yields a delightful prospect: no cause doth move us but the cause of conscience, to bring the heathen to religion's law; and therefore now, most noble Emperor, declare thy mind. Shall we be Christian foes, or Christian friends? Shall we among ourselves divide the name, or challenge them that have that name denied?"

Guy having ended what he had to say, the Emperor to him made this reply—

"Brave Englishman, hadst thou spoke thus before, thousands had lived, that now the sword has slain; but those must in the bowels of the earth remain, until the general resurrection: but, for the future, wars betwixt us shall cease, and I will embrace thee as my friend. Thy motion, honoured Knight, to honour tends, and thou shalt live in Fame's immortal praise; and when thou art buried in eternal night, thy name unto the end of days shall last."

"Come, go, great Prince," quoth Guy, "into the town, and with Duke Segwin there a league renew. Our end shall be to pull down Pagans, those foes to religion."

The Emperor being brought by Guy into the city, the Duke of Lovain from his castle came, and after mutual salutations past, the Emperor was conducted to the castle, where, by the mediation of Sir Guy, there was a league

league between them ſoon concluded, to the great joy of all the people, which was with

feaſting and rejoicing, welcome on every ſide.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

How, after Guy *had made Peace between the Emperor and the* Duke of Lovain, *he was furniſhed with two Thouſand Men and ten Ships of War, for the Relief of* Byzantium; *and being ſcattered from the reſt of the Fleet, is ſet upon by three Pirates, two of which he deſtroys, and forces the third to fly.*

GUY having thus accompliſhed his end of making peace between two contenders, the

the Emperor and the Duke of Lovain, they both intreat Guy to ſtay amongſt them to enjoy that peace he had procured. But by no means could they prevail upon him. He was for ſeeking out new ſcenes of action, but would no more employ his arms againſt Chriſtians; and therefore earneſtly intreated them to furniſh him with forces to go againſt the faithleſs Saracens, who had broke in upon the Grecian empire, and beſieged Byzantium. They both agreed, and left it to himſelf to take what force he thought ſufficient, and they would furniſh him with all things neceſſary for the war. Guy, after having returned thanks to both for their kind and generous offer, aſſured them he would ſo employ their forces as ſhould be for the honour of all Chriſtendom. And thereupon immediately ſelected two thouſand of the choiceſt ſoldiers preſent; one of the Emperor's forces, and the other of them belonging to the Duke of Lovain, who with equal willingneſs went with him, as proud of being one of thoſe whom he had choſen. Next, he embarked them on ten ſhips of war, and then took leave of the Emperor and the Duke, promiſing, that at his return he would preſent them with ſuch trophies and evidences of his ſoldiers courage as the fortune of war ſhould yield him; and ſo departed with a proſperous gale.

Guy being now plowing the briny ocean, almoſt a month, and meeting no adventure, thought Fortune dealt a little hardly by him.

But

But by a wind, common enough to thoſe that ſail upon the Lovain ſeas, diſjoined from his fleet, ſhe gave him new occaſion for his valour; for he was met by three Turkiſh men of war, (and three to one you will ſay is odds at foot-ball) who being of the Sallee rovers, ſuppoſed they had got a prize, as judging him a merchant-man, and thereupon came boldly up, and thought ſtrait to have boarded him; which Guy perceiving, could not chooſe but ſmile, and tell his men they had now an occaſion to exerciſe their valour, and thereupon drew out his flaming ſword, ſo often tried in war, and charged on the aſſailing infidels with ſuch a martial fury, that Mars himſelf could hardly have done more, glutting the gaping jaws of hungry Death, not only cutting down the men, but alſo ſpoiling all their ſhrouds and tackle; whilſt valiant Heraud, and the reſt, remained not idle on the other ſide; for they having prepared hemp, tar, roſin, and other like combuſtible materials, ſet it on fire, and threw it into the Turk's ſhip that engaged them. This was a ſtratagem till then unknown; which catching hold of the decks, maſts, and rigging, ſoon ſet the ſhip on fire, which they being utterly unable to extinguiſh, ſoon quit their flaming caſtle, and rather chooſe to periſh in the ocean; which the other ſhips beholding, and being much ſurprized to meet with ſuch reſiſtance, now found too late they had caught a Tartar, and ſo hoiſted their ſails, preparing to be gone,

which

which one of them had the good hap to do; but Guy reſolving to make ſure of the other, ſo cloſely grappled with her, that he ſoon leaped on board her, and there made ſuch a ſlaughter, that all the deck was covered with the carcaſes of thoſe that fell as victims to his ſword; which ſo amazed the Turks, that they cried in vain to Mahomet to come and ſave them from thoſe inhuman devils that aſſaulted them. But although Mahomet knew nothing of the matter, yet Guy, out of compaſſion, ſpared their lives. Then putting forty of his men on board, he ſent the ſhip, with the remaining priſoners, to his friend the Duke, as the firſt-fruits of what his valour purchaſed. No ſooner had this briſk engagement ended, but Guy's nine ſhips came up with him again, which had by reaſon of a fog been ſeparated from him. And the night coming on, Guy ordered they ſhould ſtand off to the ſouth-eaſt, for fear of running foul upon the rocks, too often met with in thoſe parts.

No ſooner was the longed-for morning come, but from the main-top-maſt, a ſeaman calling unto Guy, told him, he made the land, which, ere the ſun had run out half his race, the whole ſhip's crew beheld as well as he. And as unto the land they nearer drew, they could diſcover famed Byzantium's ſhore, which then was by the Turks and Saracens infeſted almoſt round. Guy thereupon ordered his forces to be landed at the next convenient

venient harbour, and from thence ſent Heraud with two other captains, to learn, if poſſible, how things then ſtood, both with reſpect to the beſieged and the beſiegers. In five hours time Heraud returned again, and from a Turk whom they had met without, and taken priſoner, they underſtood the city was beſieged by fifty thouſand men, who were moſtly Turks and Saracens, and that it had been ſo for three months time, but that it was defended by the Chriſtians, commanded by Albertus, a very worthy Saxon.

This news was very welcome unto Guy, who now thought he had a fair opportunity to ſhew his valour, and ſerve the Chriſtian intereſt, by the deſtruction of the Infidels. and therefore he immediately diſpatched Heraud, his truſty friend, and one knight more, unto the Lord Albertus, to let him know that he was come from Germany, and lay ready now in ſuch a port, with two thouſand Chriſtians under his command, ready to ſerve him; and if he would in the evening make a ſally out at the gate that looks towards the ſea, he would be ready with his men to force his way thro' the enemy's camp, and join him, and ſo come into the city to aſſiſt him.

Heraud and his companion undertook to deliver this meſſage to Albertus; and by the help of Turkiſh habits, paſſed all the guards, without the leaſt ſuſpicion; and coming to the gates, declared they had a meſſage to Albertus, and thereupon they were let in, and ſtraight

ſtraight conducted to the caſtle, where Albertus and his chief officers were ſitting in council of war, to whom, after due reverence paid, they gave an account of their buſineſs; but having declared this only by word of mouth, Albertus and his officers ſeemed ſomewhat doubtful, as not knowing but it might be a ſtratagem contrived by the enemy to take the city: but when Heraud had delivered Albertus a letter under Guy's own hand, to whoſe great fame for martial deeds Albertus was no ſtranger, they quickly changed their ſentiments, and treated them as they deſerved, for ſuch a welcome meſſage, to which they gave a ready and chearful compliance, entertaining them with all imaginable civility and kindneſs, promiſing not to fail ſallying out at the time and gate appointed. Heraud and his friend returning back to Guy, acquainted him with all that paſſed, who being very joyful that things ſucceeded ſo well, landed his men with all imaginable ſilence and dexterity, drawing them up in battalia upon the ſhore, and giving orders to thoſe that continued on board, to ſtand off at ſea, till he ſhould ſignify his pleaſure to them to come into harbour. After which he marched towards the city with all the privacy and ſilence that could be. But for all his caution the enemy had perceived them, and taken the alarm; ſo that, gathering together from all quarters, they were ready to receive him. Guy, not a whit diſcouraged, made a ſhort

ſpeech

ſpeech to his ſoldiers, telling them of the goodneſs of their cauſe, and the aſſiſtance they ſhould have from their friends in the city, bid them fall on undauntedy, and the day was their own. Upon which, they gave a great ſhout, and Guy drawing his flaming ſword, fell on his foes with ſuch undaunted fury, that they ſoon bore down all that were before them; ſo that where-ever they came, the mangled bodies of their foes overſpread the crimſon plain. Guy, with redoubled blows, ſlaughtering where-ever it was he turned himſelf. Thus the diſpute continued for more than two hours ſpace, in which Guy had ſo well improved his time, that he and his ſmall forces, with the aſſiſtance of three thouſand from the city, who ſallied out according to their promiſe, had deſtroyed almoſt thirty thouſand men. So that the Pagan army finding themſelves thus worſted on all ſides, retreated to their camp in much confuſion, which filled the Soldan with revengeful thoughts, which he reſolved forthwith to execute, and preſently after gave orders to his ſoldiers, early next morning, to aſſault the city, which he ſuppoſed, wearied with the laſt night's fatigue, would ſcarce be able to make ſuch reſiſtance. Guy ſuffered their retreat that night, not thinking it convenient to purſue them, and with his ſoldiers entered the town, where by Albertus and his officers, and all the citizens beſide, he and his men were joyfully received, and kindly welcomed. Albertus

bertus in his arms embracing Guy, conducted him to his own lodgings, and kindly thanked him for his brave aſſiſtance; then gave him a moſt noble treat, where they drank healths to the Emperor, and all the German Princes, to whom Sir Guy profeſſed himſelf a ſubject; whom they thought happy above other princes, in having ſuch a ſubject as Sir Guy. And after they had eat and drank ſufficiently, they all retired to reſt their weary limbs, after the great fatigue they had undergone.

Early next morning, as the Soldan ordered, the army was prepared for the aſſault, the drums all rattling, and the trumpets ſounding, at which the army gave ſo great a ſhout as made the hills reſound the eccho back, the noiſe whereof awaked our warlike Guy from the ſweet ſleep which he till then had taken; who riſing, ſtraight aſcended to the tower, and there beheld the army of the enemies, who with their ſcaling ladder, were marching towards the walls: then he inſtantly gave order unto Heraud to get his forces in a readineſs; which being done, he turned to Albertus, and beſpoke him thus—" My Lord, the honour of all Chriſtendom lies now at ſtake, and therefore it concerns us now to make a brave defence, they intend to ſcale our walls; but in my opinion, we had much better meet them in their march without the walls, than tarry for them here. Our forwardneſs will bring a damp upon them, and quite confound and break their meaſures too. Fortune does always

always favour bold attempts; and victory you ſee, but on our ſide declared herſelf already; which will both encourage our ſoldiers, and diſhearten thoſe of our enemies.

Albertus readily approved of what Sir Guy had ſaid, commending his high courage, and rendering thanks to Heaven, that had ſent ſo ſtout a champion to defend the town. And then, becauſe the enemy was near, each went to their reſpective poſts, in order to attack them: and opening the gates, all ſallied out to meet them, according to the order Guy propoſed: he with his German, marching in the front. By this bold march of theirs to meet them, the enemy ſtarted and believed they ſhould have harder work of it than they thought of; and therefore, throwing down their ſcaling engines, they put themſelves into battalia, which Guy perceiving, gave orders to his archers in the front to begin firſt, who drawing their ſtrong bows, poured in amongſt them ſuch a ſhower of arrows, as almoſt darkened the ſun itſelf, and galling of the Turkiſh horſe, put them into diſorder; whereupon Guy and Heraud broke into the main body, killing and wounding all that durſt oppoſe them, ſtill preſſing them both to the right and left, with flights of arrows, which ſtruck a mighty terror in the infidels. The Byzantines, led by Albertus, and encouraged by the warlike Guy, in a ſhort time routed the left wing of the enemy; while Guy fought the main body, hewing the Pagans

gans down on every ſide, and like the hand of fate dealt death at every blow; until at laſt, he came to the ſquadron by Colbron led, one of the Pagan's generals; who being newly to the battle come, began to wonder at the mighty havock that Guy had made in the army; and therefore, coming forwards towards Guy, he, in his haughty way, ſpoke to him thus—"Thou maketh a ſhew of valour, I perceive, but if thou any real valour haſt, let us have a little ſport between thee and I, only to ſee which of our ſwords cuts beſt: thou haſt a weapon there that is much too ſmall, and is, methinks, too blunt to make one bleed."—"Too blunt," ſaid Guy; "I tell thee, Pagan, thou ſhalt find it otherwiſe; I will whet it ere we part, upon thy bones, and make thee quickly tell another tale. If it ſhould fail me now, I ſhould much wonder, for it has never failed me yet, I am ſure, but often cut ſuch lubbers down as thou art.—Come, art thou ready? Bid thy friends adieu, for thou art never like to ſee them more." Then did they lend each other ſuch hard blows, that ſparks of fire did from their helmets fly. The numerous Pagans round about them flock, expecting all in the end the death of Guy; for Colbron was not only very ſtrong, but had been long time champion to the Pagans. At length, Guy gave him ſuch a blow, that down comes Colbron and his ſtrength to the ground. "Pagan," ſaid Guy, "is my ſword ſharp, or no? For even now

"thou

thou blamedſt it as too blunt: riſe up, for if thou canſt not feel thy legs, off goes thy head as ſure as this is ſteel; and thereupon he gave him ſuch a blow, as forthwith made him ſhorter by the head; which, when the amazed infidels beheld, they were with wonder all aſtoniſhed; for they ſo confident of Colbron were, they durſt have ventured goods, and life and limb, on any combat that by him was fought.

Then Heraud (to give Guy ſome breathing time) challenged a Pagan called Elendant, and dared and defied him to his face, (for valiant Heraud did no courage want.) The Pagan, ſomewhat hot, with fury filled, engaged Heraud, and ſoon was overcome, and to the lake below ſent after Colbron. Then Guy unto another champion goes, Margade called, whom Guy ſo well belaboured, he quickly ſent him after his two fellows. The Pagans ſeeing thus their champions ſlain, forſook the field, and fled unto their camp, where when they came, they told all to the Soldan, who, filled with rage, and curſing all his Gods, ordered his troops to rally once again; which, when they durſt not do, for fear of Guy, the Soldan, rather than not be revenged, ſent Guy a formal challenge, demanding him to fight a ſingle combat with him; and by the event of that to end the war. Guy joyfully accepted of his terms; and all things being ready for the combat, they both met with ſuch martial rage and

fury

fury as even made the earth itself to quake; the Soldan being prompted by despair, and Guy courageous for the Christians honour, redoubled on him such resistless blows, as made his gilded armour soon give way; and by that means Guy quickly found a passage to his heart, which so soon as with his trusty sword he had pierced, not able longer to support himself, cursing his Gods, the Soldan fell down dead. This fatal sight being seen by Eskeldart, a bloody and tyrannic Turkish Prince, he straightway vowed revenge, and rides up armed to the place where Guy then stood—"Villain," quoth he, "whom like a dog I hate, I will make thee curse the time that thou wast born: know, therefore, I am come to fetch thy head; for to my mistress I have promised it. My dogs shall feed upon thy English flesh. They must devour thy body every bit. Come, I have vowed by Mahomet thou diest. Thy trusting in thy Saviour shall not save thee.

"And thou hast given away my head," said Guy, "unto a Lady? It is a noble gift. An honest man will do what he has said, and never promise more than he designed. Come on thy ways, and take it quickly off, or else the Lady will suppose you jeer her."

Then straight with disdain they rush together, laying on as hard as they could drive; but Guy's keen sword did so hew Eskeldort, that for his head he durst no longer strive;

thou blamedſt it as too blunt: riſe up, for if thou canſt not feel thy legs, off goes thy head as ſure as this is ſteel; and thereupon he gave him ſuch a blow, as forthwith made him ſhorter by the head; which, when the amazed infidels beheld, they were with wonder all aſtoniſhed; for they ſo confident of Colbron were, they durſt have ventured goods, and life and limb, on any combat that by him was fought.

Then Heraud (to give Guy ſome breathing time) challenged a Pagan called Elendant, and dared and defied him to his face, (for valiant Heraud did no courage want.) The Pagan, ſomewhat hot, with fury filled, engaged Heraud, and ſoon was overcome, and to the lake below ſent after Colbron. Then Guy unto another champion goes, Margade called, whom Guy ſo well belaboured, he quickly ſent him after his two fellows. The Pagans ſeeing thus their champions ſlain, forſook the field, and fled unto their camp, where when they came, they told all to the Soldan, who, filled with rage, and curſing all his Gods, ordered his troops to rally once again; which, when they durſt not do, for fear of Guy, the Soldan, rather than not be revenged, ſent Guy a formal challenge, demanding him to fight a ſingle combat with him; and by the event of that to end the war. Guy joyfully accepted of his terms; and all things being ready for the combat, they both met with ſuch martial rage and fury

fury as even made the earth itſelf to quake; the Soldan being prompted by deſpair, and Guy courageous for the Chriſtans honour, redoubled on him ſuch reſiſtleſs blows, as made his gilded armour ſoon give way; and by that means Guy quickly found a paſſage to his heart, which ſo ſoon as with his truſty ſword he had pierced, not able longer to ſupport himſelf, curſing his Gods, the Soldan fell down dead. This fatal ſight being ſeen by Eſkeldart, a bloody and tyrannic Turkiſh Prince, he ſtraightway vowed revenge, and rides up armed to the place where Guy then ſtood—"Villain," quoth he, "whom like a dog I hate, I will make thee curſe the time that thou waſt born: know, therefore, I am come to fetch thy head; for to my miſtreſs I have promiſed it. My dogs ſhall feed upon thy Engliſh fleſh. They muſt devour thy body every bit. Come, I have vowed by Mahomet thou dieſt. Thy truſting in thy Saviour ſhall not ſave thee.

"And thou haſt given away my head," ſaid Guy, "unto a Lady? It is a noble gift. An honeſt man will do what he has ſaid, and never promiſe more than he deſigned. Come on thy ways, and take it quickly off, or elſe the Lady will ſuppoſe you jeer her."

Then ſtraight with diſdain they ruſh together, laying on as hard as they could drive; but Guy's keen ſword did ſo hew Eſkeldort, that for his head he durſt no longer ſtrive;

but on a ſudden, for to ſave his own, put ſpurs to his horſe, and in all haſte is gone.

After this rout, the plunder of the field was by the victors taken; and then Guy returns in warlike triumph to the city, where they received him with the greateſt pomp and trueſt joy, that they knew how to ſhew; while as he rode triumphant through the ſtreets, the people from the houſes tops, and windows, threw garlands down before him, and ſtrewed his way with flowers, ecchoing along the ſtreets, "Long live brave Guy, the noble and renowned Engliſh champion, our fortunate and great deliverer: in memory whereof, they afterwards ſet up his ſtatue in the market-place, which has been ſince deſtroyed by the Turks.

Guy, after this deliverance of the city, having been treated as he well deſerved, ſtaid with Albertus there about ten days, and then deſired to return to England; and leaving half his men there, as Albertus had requeſted him, that to the city they might be a guard, he with the reſt, embarked on his ſhips, and with great preſents ſailed back for Germany.

Thus having wrought the Pagans overthrow,
He made the world his worth and valour know.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

How Guy, *being in a Foreſt, ſeeing a Lion and a Dragon fighting, took the Lion's Part, and killed the Dragon: alſo how* Guy *and* Heraud *found* Earl Terrey *wounded, and his Lady taken from him by Sixteen Villains, moſt of whom he killed, and reſtored the Lady to her Huſband.*

GUY and his ſhips being becalmed at ſea, put into harbour to refreſh themſelves, where Guy and his friend Heraud went aſhore; and it ſo happening that a pleaſant foreſt lay bordering near the place they landed at, they entered it, and walked a little way, to ſee if they could light of any veniſon, ob-

ſerving, as they went, how ſhady trees embraced each other in their green-leafed arms, and how famed Eccho keeps her dwelling there, and little birds there fearleſs ſing their notes; they chanced to find a ſilver-ſtreaming ſpring, which there they looked on as a rarity; and with thoſe cryſtal ſtreams they cooled their heats, and quenched that thirſt they had ſo long endured; and there to ſatisfy their craving ſtomachs, they made of herbs and roots a pleaſant meal; when, on a ſudden, an unuſual noiſe (which ſeemed to be on no great diſtance off) invades their liſtening ears; but it reſembled moſt a lion roaring.— "Hark! hark!" ſaid Guy, "I am almoſt affrighted at this ſtrange uncouth noiſe. Heraud, let us ſtraight take horſe, that we may be prepared for all events. I never heard a ſound that ſcared me more in all my life. I will go ſeek it out, it comes from yonder way. Some monſter, or ſome devil, makes this noiſe, for it is no human voice, for certain." So forth he rides, and underneath a hill, he finds a dragon fighting with a lion. "O! this is princely ſport indeed," ſaid Guy: "fight on, that I may ſee who gets the day, and then I will ſet upon the conqueror. The dragon winds his crooked knotted tail about the lion's legs, to throw him down; but then the lion faſtened on his ſcales, and nimbly did avoid the fall intended him. Then both, with the utmoſt fury, bite and tear, and ſo maintain a long and bloody fight. At laſt,

the

the lion fainted, turns aſide, and looks about, as if he would be gone. "Nay, then," quoth Guy, "lion, I will take thy part, and execute my vengeance on this dragon. With that, courageouſly to work he goes, and with the dragon carries on the fight, giving him blows with all his might and ſtrength, and yet cannot penetrate his ſcaly ſides. The monſtrous beaſt diſplays his flaggy wings, and with moſt dreadful yelling at him comes, whoſe very looks might make a man afraid, ſo terrible ſeemed his devouring jaws; wide, gaping, griſly, like the mouth of hell; more terrible than pen or tongue can utter: his blazing eyes burning like living fire; and from his gorge ſulphureous ſmoke he belched; aloft his ſpeckled creſt he mounted, higher than Guy could reach at length of weapon's ſtroke. Thus, in moſt ireful mood he bore himſelf, crying as loud as watery billows roar. And then his mortal ſting he ſtretched out, exceeding far the ſharpeſt point of ſteel: then turns and winds his ſcaly tail about the horſe's legs. With that, Guy hews upon him with his blade, and laid on him three mens ſtrength at every ſtroke: one fatal blow he gave him in his ſide, from whence did iſſue ſtreams of ſwarthy blood. The ſword had made the paſſage wide and broad, ſo that, like a flood, the gore overſpread the ground, which made the dragon turn to have forſook him. "Nay, then," quoth Guy, "thou haſt not long to live, I ſee thou fainteſt, and ready art to fall.

Then did he give him ſuch a parting blow, that down the dragon came unto the ground; roaring and bellowing at ſuch a rate, that the hideous ſound did more affright the conqueror than did his fighting with him: ſo he rides away, and lets the monſter lie. But, looking back, he eſpies, behind his horſe, the reſcued lion following at his heels, which made Guy alight to engage with him likewiſe: but when the beaſt beheld his weapon drawn, he fawned upon him like a ſpaniel dog; and like that grateful lion which did ſave Andronicus, for pulling out a thorn, when by the laws he was condemned to be devoured by beaſts upon the amphitheatre, the lion came, remembering his old kindneſs, and fawned upon him, and licked him, very kindly bearing, it ſeems, an old good turn in mind. Juſt ſo, this grateful lion dealt with him, for the ſame benefit which he had done, by ſaving him from the fierce and poiſonous dragon. For though a lion is by nature cruel, as being a ravenous and devouring beaſt, yet, like a ſpaniel, he by his horſe did run, and, till he did again embark, ſtaid with him.

But the wind ſerving in a little time, Guy and his friend embarked again, and ſo purſued their voyage, and in Almain arrived in a ſhort time; and there, according to his worth and merit, was entertained by the Emperor, who bid him kindly welcome into Chriſtendom, and entertained him with a tournament, with kingly banquets, and with princely revelling,

velling, all ſtriving to behold that mighty man, of whoſe great actions Fame ſo loudly ſpoke; and of whoſe wonderous acts they had heard ſo much, and thought they could not do him too much honour.

But taking leave of the Emperor and the reſt, he travels to his old friend the Duke of Lovain, whom he had a particular reſpect for, and did above all others long to ſee. But ere unto his journey's end he came, he met with an adventure by the way, and ſet a worthy wronged lady free, who forcibly was taken from her love, and he at the point of death, left ſorely wounded. Of which take this following account.

The noble Terrey, a right valiant Earl, with his dear love, ſirnamed Oſtle the Fair, (his precious and ineſtimable jewel) to take the air into the foreſt went, wherein a plot was laid to take away his life, that ſo another might enjoy his love. And on a ſudden ſixteen villains came upon the Earl and ſadly wounded him—"Sirrah (ſaid one) thou haſt a wench we claim; ſhe muſt go with us: lie upon the ground, and if thou liveſt till thou canſt ſee a paſſenger, beg him to make a grave to bury thee." Guy finding Terrey in this wretched caſe, and hearing how his wife was raviſhed from him, adminiſtered what comfort he was able: he with the loſs of blood looked pale and wan, and almoſt ready was to die indeed. "Come, courage, noble Earl, (ſaid Guy to him) I will do my beſt to fetch

thy love again, or elſe ſay, Guy is but a boaſting coward. When Terrey heard the mention of that name, he ſtraight revived, for of his worthy deeds Fame had before ſufficiently acquainted him. Then ſtriving to ariſe from off the ground, he did his beſt endeavour to embrace him. "Thanks, gracious Heaven, (quoth he, with ſoul and heart) for ſending ſuch a man to right my wrongs." Which is the way (ſaid Guy) thoſe villains went? "The path by yonder oak (ſaid woeful Terrey.) "I will follow them, (ſaid Guy) and by my knighthood, I will make each man come off by weeping croſs. Scarce had he ſpoke, before he heard a ſhriek, which Terrey knew to be the fair Oſile's. Away rode Guy, and by that ſound directed, he quickly found the barbarous villains out. Coming to them, "Wretched ſlaves, (quoth he) what is your deſign with this fair lady here? Enlarge her preſently, and let her free. You have done wrongs which you muſt dearly pay for. Her huſband wounded, and ſhe uſed with violence, are crimes which all your lives can ſcarce atone for. With that, they laughed, and ſaid—"What fool is this, or rather madman in his deſperate mood, that fain, by wilful death would get a name, and have the world report he hath been kind? Some frantic fit this fellow is ſurely in, that means to fight thus without fear or wit.—" If it be ſo (quoth Guy) that fit is now on me, and you ſhall find it

will

will be a raging one. With that, Sir Guy, knitting his angry brow, bid the fair lady ceaſe her penſive moans, for you ſhall from theſe villains hands be freed. Then with a courage admirably bold, at every blow ſome one or other dies, which when the lady ſaw, ſhe ſtraight cried out—"O pity, worthy knight, theſe mortal wounds! it is a ſight I can no longer bear. Be not ſo bloody in revenging me. Upon my knees, I humbly do entreat thee, for it is to me a terrifying ſight. O! with their lives thou takeſt mine away. If one more do die, my ſoul will faint and leave me. Thou worthily my honour haſt defended, and haſt enough revenged all my wrongs.

"Lady, (ſaid Guy) at your requeſt I ceaſe.—Depart, baſe rascals! all but two be gone. But, villains, (ſaid he, to the two remaining) it was you that did this virtuous lady bind, and thereupon, he gave each ſuch a blow, having his ſword put up within this ſcabbard, that to the ground they fell immediately. Then riſing from the ground, they thus excuſed it. "My lord, we did it to preſerve her for your honour's uſe.

Then on his ſteed he let the lady ride, to ſeek her Lord, whom ſhe diſtreſſed left, and Guy became her guide unto the place, where when they came, they found him dreſſed already; for in their abſence there came by a hermit, which to his bleeding wounds did ſalve apply.—Now Terrey and Oſile abound

in joy, and gratefully to Guy do all things give. "Be thou (ſaid they) renowned in life and death, whom while we live and breathe we will always honour.

Nay, here's my hand, quoth Terrey, worthy Guy,
To fight for thee I will be proud to die.

CHAP. X.

How Guy *and* Heraud *travelled with* Earl Terrey, *and hearing his Father was beſieged by* Duke Otton, *went to relieve him; and how* Guy *killed* Duke Otton *in ſingle Combat and raiſed the Siege.*

THE light had now ſurrendered its dominion, and darkneſs ruled in all the lower world, when Earl Terrey, Guy, and fair Oſile, wanting a guide through the unfrequented woods, heard the affrighting noiſe on every ſide, of ſavage beaſts that thirſt for human blood. On every ſide a watchful eye they caſt, leſt on a ſudden they ſhould be ſurprized. At length, they did eſpy two armed

armed men, who liſtened to thoſe cries as well as they, each having in his hand his naked ſword. But as they came nearer, Guy quickly knew the one of them was his dear friend Sir Heraud, and the other was as dear a friend of Terrey's, who, by embracing, did their gladneſs ſhew. And when the Earl demanded of his couſin, What brought him to that lonely deſert place?—"My Lord," ſaid he, "I have unpleaſing news, which yet in duty I am bound to tell. Thy noble father is at this time beſieged in his ſtrong caſtle by Duke Otton's power, who hath proteſted by a ſolemn vow, that he about his ears will pull it down. And in revenge that thou haſt got his love, he ſwears thy father's life ſhall not eſcape."

"His love!" quoth Terrey. "Speak, my fair Oſile, acquaint this worthy man with thy ſoul's thought. Did I perſuade thee ever to break thy faith, or been an inſtigator unto ought that is unrighteous in the ſight of Heaven?"—"Never," ſaid ſhe; "thou haſt been truly juſt in all thy words and all thy actions too: that wretch, indeed, pretended that he loved me, and would have forced my love away from thee. But to my dying-day I will be thine. Thou ſhalt enjoy me all the hours I live; and when I alter this determination, may I be held accurſed by God and man!"

"Spoke like a virtuous lady," Guy replied; "be ever conſtant, and thou needeſt not fear: nothing can lay a blemiſh on thy

honour, whilſt thou on love's foundation firmly ſtandeſt. It is for love I range the world about, and every hour expoſe my life to dangers, and though an unknown ſtranger, am Love's exile. But wherefore, Terrey, are thy looks ſo ſad? Thou haſt thy love in perſon to embrace, but mine, alas! is far off as England, and for ſome years I have not ſeen her face."

"My Lord," ſaid Terrey, "know you not my grief, and heard this meſſenger relate the cauſe? My father is in diſtreſs, and wants ſome ſuccour; and I ſhould be a rebel to the laws of nature, not to ſympathize with him, making his trouble a juſt cauſe of ſorrow."

"If that be all," ſaid Guy, "thou art to blame to ſpend ſo much as one poor ſigh thereon. My name is enough to terrify Duke Otton. Let him but hear I come, and he will be gone. Something that paſſed between us is the reaſon of it. In France he felt my ſword, but did not like it. Since that, he laid a plot againſt my life by villains that ſurprized me in a wood; which treachery with vengeance I repaid: and who ever knew a traitor's end prove good? A curſe is always the concomitant of baſe and wicked actions, in which the actors will be ſure to ſuffer, as did Perrillus firſt in his brazen bull. I will go with thee to relieve thy father; for the oppreſſed I have vowed to right. And reaſon now does much more ſtrongly move it, ſince mine own wrongs urge me as well as thine.

There-

Therefore with ſpeed let us haſten to the place, preventing miſchief ere it run too far. Take time by the forelock, for he is bald behind, and good proves beſt when it is ſooneſt done. Go then, with filial joy, like brave Æneas, and fetch thine old Anchiſes out of Troy."

"Courageous Knight," quoth Terrey, "thy bold heart, I do perceive, can with no fear be daunted: thou art compoſed of Mars's element, and made of powerful limbs, to manage arms; my melancholy thou haſt baniſhed quite, and with ſtrong hope armed me inſtead of it."

This ſaid, in haſte away they poſt themſelves, and in a ſhort time came unto the caſtle, where proud Duke Otton and all his forces lay, relying much upon his well-paid ſoldiers. But when his captains of Guy's coming knew, they fled by night, and never bid farewel. This was diſcouragement unto the ſoldiers, to find their captains had deſerted them. But yet Duke Otton ſolemnly proteſted, though each man in the caſtle were a Guy, he would not baſely quit his enterprize; for though life is dear, ſaid he, yet honour is dearer.

"Terrey," quoth Guy, "we muſt not now be tedious. For my experience oft hath been my tutor, and taught me, that when an advantage offers, and gives me an occaſion to begin, the enemy's own fear ſubdues himſelf, to which our force being added ſoon compleats

pleats our victory. We will not make our priſon in this place, as long as there is field room to be got. And ſince the Duke has no reſpect for me, it is my deſire alone to combat him. But if you will not leave this caſtle here, I will leave you all, and go myſelf alone." And with theſe words, Heraud and he were going to depart, which, when the caſtle ſoldiers did perceive, giving a ſhout, ſaid they, "Thou art our General, and whereſoever thou goeſt we will follow thee—thy honourable ſteps we will not leave, let Fortune uſe us as ſhe pleaſes."

Thus, full of courage, they all march along, giving the onſet, fearleſs of their enemies, making thoſe multitudes that ſeemed invincible, to fly before their brave victorious foes, leaving the moſt part ſlaughtered in the field. But when the Duke beheld his flying ſoldiers, "Periſh," ſaid he, "baſe villains, here I will die! Where is this Engliſhman that haunts my coaſt, and thus purſueth me from place to place? I challenge him to leave the army, and meet me face to face, that we may have an end of all old grudges."

"Agreed," quoth Guy, "proud foe, I give conſent. Repent thy wrongs, and make thy conſcience clear; for thou haſt lived to ſee thy honour loſt, which worthy men do hold moſt dear of all things. The noble-minded brand that man with ſhame, that lets his name and honour die before him." Then they towards each other did approach, and with great vio-

lence

lence they lances broke; which being done, they took their ſwords in hand, and fought until they had ſpent great ſtore of blood; for Envy did the Duke's keen weapon whet, and on Guy's ſword Revenge did ſet an edge. At length, through loſs of blood, the Duke fell down, and dying, cried—"Farewell, vain world, farewell. By Fortune's angry frown I am betrayed; by ſad experience now, I tell the world, there is nothing conſtant that the earth contains: Death brings the proudeſt monarchs to their graves, and lays them level with the humbleſt ſwain. Bewitching vanities ſeduce and blind us; and greatneſs only tends to make us proud, making our ſad cataſtrophe the greater. There is no peace like to a happy ending: my dying hour yields more repenting grace than in my life I ever could attain to." His immortal ſoul did with theſe words depart, and left the breathleſs body where it dwelt, while woeful paſſions did Guy's heart afflict, now wiſhing Otton were again alive; (for true humility ſtill ſhews compaſſion, to ſee the afflicted over-borne with woes) Guy ſheathed his ſword, and ſaid—"Remain thou there, until on England's happy ſhore I land: for love of Phælice I will ſhed no more blood; I have from her been too long away: now I will return, my wages to receive.

Then mourning over poor Duke Otton's fate, he gave his breathleſs body to his friends; and then he to the caſtle back returned,

turned, accompanied by Heraud, his true friend; where, with great joy, they were received of all, eſpecially by Terrey and Oſile, and the old Earl, their father, as thoſe that had by much the greater intereſt in what Guy's martial proweſs had atchieved. But after he had ſtaid two days to reſt himſelf, being almoſt tired with their extreme kindneſs, Heraud and he took leave, and ſo departed, carrying their prayers and their good wiſhes with them.

Thus to be doing good, was ſtill Guy's lot;
Others the profit, he the honour got.
Where ever he came he ſet the oppreſſed free,
And to the priſoners he gave liberty;
But was the ſcourge of wicked tyrants ſtill,
Not ſparing thoſe whom he found doing ill.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How Guy *and* Heraud, *after having parted from* Earl Terrey, *met with a monſterous Boar, which* Guy *killed—How he was entertained by the* Duke of Lovain *and* Lorrain, *and afterwards returned into* England—*How he killed a dreadful Dragon in* Northumberland, *and of the Honour done him by the King, and his Reception by fair* Phælice.

GUY and his friend having thus taken their leave of Terrey and the fair Oſile, as we have already ſaid, bending their courſe towards their native land, reſolved to ſee Duke Lovain in their way. But as they rode through a deſart place, dark and obſcured by the thick ſhady trees, which hardly would admit the ſun

to

to enter; they on a ſudden met the hugeſt boar that ever mortal eye had yet beheld. "Although (ſaid Guy to Heraud) I intended to draw my ſword no more till I ſaw England, and laid it down at my fair Phælice's feet, yet ſuch a monſter is a ſufficient warrant to draw it once again, leſt it ſhould live to be a plague to all the country near it. And therefore private keep thyſelf at diſtance, and give me leave to encounter it alone. —This ſaid, away went Guy, and met the boar, as he was haſtening to him full of rage, which Guy perceiving, ſtood upon his guard, that ſo he might avoid his dreadful tucks; then on his ſwiniſh head ſo hard he laid, that dead he left him who had many ſlain, for from that wood ſcarce any man came back, which was the cauſe it was ſo unfrequented. The monſter being dead, Guy cut his head off, (huge as it was) and put it on his ſpear, and carried it unto Duke Lovain's court. The very monſter's head appeared ſo terrible, it frightened people as they rode along, although they then were ſure it could not hurt them.

Guy being come into Duke Lovain's court, did there preſent him with the monſter's head which had deſtroyed ſo many of his ſubjects.

"Guy," ſaid the Duke, "I have had large experience of your great kindneſs and your love to me: and this laſt valiant act that you have done in killing this prodigious monſterous boar, which has of late made ſuch exceeding

ceeding havock of my ſubjects, and of all paſſengers that came that way, ſurpaſſes all the reſt, and makes me ſtill much more indebted to you. But to declare the welcome that he gave him with all his warlike trumpets, drums, and clarions, and all his nobles coming to congratulate Guy's ſafe return, with all the entertainments that were made him; and how the Duke of Lorrain too came thither, on notice given of Guy's arrival there, that ſo he might embrace that matchleſs man, of whom Fame had ſuch wonderous things declared; I ſay, ſhould I relate all this at large, it would ſwell this little book into a volume. Suffice it therefore here to let you know, Guy ſo much longed to be with his fair Phælice, that he was weary of the honours done him, and begged they would let him now return for England; which, after having treated him ten days, they did conſent to, and forthwith ordered one of their beſt ſhips to be new rigged and fitted up, for Guy to ſail to England in; and then accompanying him to the ſea-ſide—"Go," ſaid the Dukes, "and proſper, thou brave Engliſhman, the moſt renowned worthy of the world: thrice happy is the land that gave thee birth; and much more happy is thy faireſt Phælice, and muſt embrace the hero in her arms. May victory attend upon thy ſide, and may thy brows be with freſh laurels crowned!"

Guy having given him his hearty thanks for all the undeſerved honours paid him, ſtraight

ſtraight hoiſted ſail, and having a fair wind, in four days time arrived on Engliſh ground; the noiſe of which ſoon reached King Athelſtan, who then at York his royal palace kept: thither (being commanded by the King) h forthwith went to pay his duty and allegiance to him. The King received them (for Heraud was with Guy where-ever he went) with ſo much joy and goodneſs, that nothing could be more; welcoming them with ſuch kind of words as theſe—

"Welcome to me, renowned, martial man; my princely love upon you I beſtow; I in your fortunate ſucceſs rejoice, for Fame has loudly told us all your ſtory. Guy, thou haſt laid a heavy hand, I hear, on Pagan infidels and with thy ſword haſt ſent them home t the dark vaults where unbelievers dwell. Devouring beaſts thou alſo haſt deſtroyed, which have the terror been of human creatures. Yet, worthy man, I think thou never didſt ſlay of all thoſe monſters terrible and wild, a creature that is more cruel than there is one that at this day deſtroys whatever he meets, no farther off than is Northumberland which is a dreadful dragon that haunts there. I ſpeak not this to animate thee on, and hazard thy life at ſetting foot on ſhore; for divers have endeavoured to deſtroy this wicked beaſt, and periſhed in the attempt. No, Guy, I ſpeak only to ſhew thy happineſs, which has exceed-d that of other men, by freeing of them from their fears and dangers."

"Dread

" Dread Lord, (ſaid Guy) as I am an Engliſh Knight, faithful to God, and loyal to my King, I am reſolved to go and ſee this dragon, and try whether my ſword cannot work upon him; for I already have a dragon killed, with whom a lion firſt I found engaged, and whom he had alſo like to have overcome; but Heaven my arm ſo ſtrengthened, that I ſoon overcame his power, and ſo I will do this.—Then taking his humble leave, away he rides unto Northumberland to find the dragon, having a dozen knights to be his guides, who brought him where the dragon kept his den, feafting himſelf with nought but human fleſh.—" Now it is enough (ſaid Guy) do you ſtand off, and give me leave to find this Hydra's head. He that has fed ſo much on human fleſh ſhall never more devour a man

again; but, Gentlemen, if here you pleaſe to ſtay, you of this battle may ſpectator be.

Then

Then going to the cave, the dragon eſpied him, and forth he ſtarts with lofty ſpeckled breaſt, of form moſt dreadful; which when Guy beheld into its reſt he forthwith puts his lance, then ſpurs his horſe, and to the dragon makes, encountering each the other with ſuch fury, as ſhaked the very ground under them. Then Guy recoils, and turns about his horſe, and comes upon him with redoubled might. The dragon meets him with reſiſtleſs force, and like a reed, bit his ſtrong lance in two. "Nay, then," ſaid Guy, "if you are good at biting, I have a tool to pick your teeth withal;" and drew his never-failing flaming ſword, and on him fell, with furious blows ſo fierce, that many wide and bloody wounds he made. At which the dragon yawned like hell's wide mouth, roaring aloud with a moſt hideous noiſe, and with his claws he rent and tore the ground. Impatient of the ſmart he underwent, he with his wings would raiſe his body up, but Guy, with a bold ſtroke, ſo cooled his courage, that to diſtend his wings he wanted ſtrength; and with a few ſtrokes more, Guy brought him down upon the ground, all wallowing in his blood, and from his mouth a fiery flake proceeded, whilſt Guy, with all his might was ſevering his monſtrous head from his more monſtrous body; which when he had done, "Now, bloody fiend," ſaid he, "thou haſt thy deſerved recompenſe for all the human blood which thou haſt ſhed. And now upon this broken piece

of

ſ ſpear, unto the King I will bear thy monſtrous head, which will by him, I am ſure, e well accepted."

The joyful Knights then went and took a view of that ſame fearful creature without fear, which was indeed of ſtrange and ugly hue; all wondering how it was poſſible to eſcape thoſe teeth and claws ſo dreadful ſharp and long. And when they had fixed the head upon a ſpear, and took meaſure of the body's length, unto the king (who had removed his court from York to Lincoln) they repair with ſpeed, where he with ſome impatience waited their return, who in his arms embraced the warlike Guy, congratulating him on his victory; then looking on the dragon's fearful head, "Heaven ſhield," ſaid he, "and ſave me from all harm! Why, here is a face may well out-face the devil. What ſtaring eyes of burning glaſs be theſe, that might (alive) two flaming beacons ſeem! What ſcales of harneſs arm the crooked noſe! and teeth more ſtrong and ſharp than thoſe of ſteel! And alſo that gaping mouth and forked tongue, may, even dead, make all the living fear, but more rejoice that thou haſt overcome it. Victorious Knight, thy actions we admire, and place thee highly in our royal favour: throughout the ſpacious orb thy fame ſhall ſpread more lofty than the *primum mobile.* To the ſucceeding age of the world thy victories ſhall be tranſmitted down, for I will have the monſter's picture drawn on cloth of arras,

arras, curiouſly wrought, which I in Warwick Caſtle will have placed, there to remain, and tell to after-ages, that worthy Guy, a man of matchleſs ſtrength, and equal courage, deſtroyed a dragon thirty foot in length. And on this caſtle wall we will place his head, there to remain till length of time conſumes it.—And Nobles all, make a triumphant feſtival, and give our Knight the honour that he merits.

While thus at Lincoln Guy was entertained, and feaſted by the King in royal manner, he one day took an opportunity to tell the King the cauſe of his adventures, and that he did it for the love of Phælice, Earl Roband's only daughter; and then bethought his Royal Majeſty to intercede for him unto the Earl, who yet knew nothing of their loves; and that he would give conſent unto their marriage.

The King aſſured him that he would not only uſe his intereſt with the Earl her father, to obtain his conſent, but would himſelf honour their nuptials with his royal preſence, with which Guy was well pleaſed, and humbly thanked his Majeſty.

Now all Guy's thoughts were taken up with Phælice, to whom he was preparing to be gone; but Phælice hearing that he was at Lincoln, and how he had been in Northumberland, and killed a dragon there, began to be impatient at his ſtay: and thereupon ſhe came herſelf to Lincoln, and happily ſurprized

prized her Guy, as he was ready to depart for Warwick. With Juno's kind embrace and Venus's kiſs, Phælice embraced her long-expected lover; and Guy returned it with that eagerneſs, which in the wars of Mars he uſed to ſhew, glad that he now has Phælice in his arms: but after the firſt tranſports were a little over, Phælice, to chide her lover, thus begins—"Forgetful love, and too, too ſlow, (ſaid ſhe) I fear thou didſt not mind the honeſt friend. What! ſeek a dragon, ere thou lookeſt for me! and hazard life, yet neither come nor ſend, to know if I remained in happy ſtate. Some jealous woman would perhaps, ſuppoſe ſhe had been ſlighted, but I have no ſuch thoughts; not but I wiſh, I muſt confeſs indeed, I had been the firſt that thou hadſt ſeen on ſhore; but thou art welcome to thy Phælice now, and ſhalt no more unto the wars go forth, but lie within my peaceful arms at home. No, thou haſt fought my dear, too much already. For War's ſtern face has ſtole thy ſmiles away; but Love will change thy countenance again, and make thy looks ſuch as I ſaw them firſt, when I firſt choſe and gave my heart to thee."

"Ah, Phælice!" Guy replied to her again, "what toils have I gone through for love of thee! and canſt thou doubt that ever Guy ſhould ſlight thee? No, firſt the ſun ſhall ceaſe to give us light, and all the ſtars ſhall leave their ſhining orbs, before one thought ſhall wander from my Phælice. I have learnt

the art of war enough already, now in Love's ſchool I will take new leſſons out, and doubt not but to be a good proficient in that more eaſy and delightful exerciſe. I have already made a friend, my Phælice. whoſe powerful interceſſion to thy father ſhall gain me his conſent to marry thee; and when I tell thee, it is the King himſelf, I doubt not but you will be of my opinion.

" His interceſſion (Phelice then replied) " will be, no doubt, effectual with my father; but I believe your merits are ſo great, you will have no need of any interceſſor; for I am ſure my father ſpeaks of you as one for whom he has the utmoſt value.

" Why then, (ſaid Guy, and ſmiled) let " us to Warwick, a place I love the beſt in all the world, becauſe it is the place that brought up thee, and there I firſt was with thy beauty bleſt. I love the caſtle and the caſtle ground, for there my Phelice, thy face I firſt ſaw. Let us haſte, my love, to that delightful ſeat, and ſeal thoſe vows we have to each other made: I long, methinks, at church to ſay theſe words, " I Guy, take Phelice, to my wedded wife; and to hear immediate reply—" And I take Guy to be my wedded huſband.

To which Phelice, with an air that ſhewed how well ſhe was pleaſed, made reply—

Though now our ſatisfaction's very great,
Yet until then our joys can't be compleat;

There's

There's pleaſure in the ways that to it tend,
But Hymen's joys muſt always crown the end.

CHAP. XII.

How Guy *and* Phælice *were married; with an Account of their ſplendid Wedding — How* Guy *ſoon after vowed a Pilgrimage, and travelled into the Holy Land,* &c.

GUY and fair Phælice having both agreed with ſpeed to conſummate their mutual joys, and tie that knot at Hymen's ſacred temple, that only Death can looſe, firſt went to wait upon the King and Queen, and humbly to invite them to their wedding, which they agreed on ſuch a day: then took their leaves, and thence repaired to Warwick. Earl Roband had received letters from the King, letting him know that Guy was then in England; and that for love of his fair beauteous daughter he had undertook the dreadful toils of war, and was coming now to Warwick to aſk his conſent, and then to celebrate his nuptials there. Earl Roband, overjoyed at this good news, immediately went forth to meet his new-elected ſon-in-law.

Guy, ſeeing that the Earl was coming towards him, alighted from his horſe, and low on the ground he bowed himſelf, but the good Earl ſoon raiſed him with his hand, and tenderly embraced him in his arms, with all the expreſſion of true love and friendſhip. Guy then informed him of his love to Phælice, begging his pardon for his great preſumption, and humbly aſking his conſent to marry her: to whom Earl Roband made this kind reply—" My daughter, worthy Guy, I freely give thee, nor is there any thing on this ſide Heaven, I have more deſired, than ſuch a huſband for her; that when in the annals of ſucceeding ages, thy wonderous ſtory ſhall at large be told, my daughter may be mentioned as thy wife, and that Earl Roband alſo was thy father; and that from thee, and from my daughter Phelice, ſo numerous an iſſue may proceed, as may in time fill all the world with heroes." Guy humbly thanked him for his conſent, and told him, the greateſt honour he could boaſt of, was to have ſuch an Earl to be his father, and ſuch a lady for his wife as Phelice.

Then Phelice being called, was aſked, if ſhe was willing to have Guy to be her huſband? Who, with a virgin bluſh, declared her ſatisfaction. The next thing now, was the happy day in which their nuptials were to be conſummated.

And

And now the long expected day is come, in which these lovers must compleat their happiness; and all the honours Hymen can dispense, he freely gives to grace the wedding-feast; for royal Athelstan and his fair Queen, to grace this nuptial in their pomp appeared: the Nobles likewise, in their richest robes, with worthy Knights and Gentlemen, besides Ladies of Honour, strive to outvie each other, in honouring valiant Guy and his fair bride. There wanted nothing that could be pro-

cured to please the eye, or to content the mind: masks, midnight revels, tilts and

tournaments, with ſtately ſhows, and acting ancient ſtories and banquets, proper for ſuch royal gueſts.

The tables were with ſuch great plenty ſtored, that neither fiſh nor fleſh were wanting; and bowls of nectar crowned their entertainment. Nor was the choiceſt muſick wanting there; while healths were drank to the fair bridegroom.

Ten days this wedding feaſt was celebrated, and the country round proved the better for it, for good Earl Roband never forgot the poor; and then the King and Queen wiſhing all health and happineſs to the new-married couple, and the good Earl, that had ſo nobly treated them, returned again to Lincoln.

But as our lives are made of checquer-work, and joy and mourning take their ſeveral turns, ſo this great joy was quickly after ſhadowed with a black cloud of ſorrow; for hardly had the inconſtant Queen of Night took her nocturnal ramble through the Heavens, (which journey uſually ſhe makes in eight and twenty days, or thereabouts) but good Earl Roband, Phelice's worthy father, reſigns this life for immortality, and unto Guy bequeaths his whole eſtate; which filled them both with an unuſual grief, in loſing both a father and a friend. By his death, Guy became Earl of Warwick, confirmed therein by Royal Athelſtan; and all his land and lordſhips now are his, and he declared a Nobleman of England.

But,

But, ah! how ſmall a ſatisfaction it is that all the honours of the world can give us! For now Earl Guy, reflecting on paſt actions, can find no comfort in the ſad reflection. He ſees thoſe things that gave him his renown, were vain and wicked in the ſight of Heaven. Oft would he ſit and meditate alone, on thoſe vain ſteps that his raſh youth had trod; then to himſelf, with groans and grievous ſighs, would he cry out—"O pardon me, juſt Heaven! I have done nothing yet thy grace to purchaſe, but ſpent my time about a woman's face; for beauty I have ſhed a world of blood, hating all others for one mortal creature. How many days have I waſted for a wife, but for my ſins never ſpent one weeping hour; It is now high time repentance to begin: henceforth the remnant of my days I will ſpend in contrite ſorrow for my former ſins, that Heaven may pardon all the erring ways whereby fond fleſh and blood deceived me. Unto the world I will now go learn to die, let me be cenſured for it as men liſt. I will pleaſe my Maker in whatever I can. Ambitious pride hath been my youth's diſeaſe: I will teach age meekneſs ere my glaſs be run, and bid farewell to honour, wealth, and beauty. I will go through hell itſelf to purchaſe heaven."

Phelice perceiving he was melancholy, unto him came, and with him thus diſcourſed—"My deareſt Lord, why are you ſo changed of late? Let me, as in your joys I ſhare, ſo

likewiſe in your ſorrows bear a part. If I have in any thing offended you, let me know it, and I will inſtantly confeſs my fault, and make you ſatisfaction.

"No, my dear love," ſaid Guy, "it is not with thee, it is with myſelf that I am diſcontented. By the light of grace, I ſee the faults of nature: I am dead in ſin, although I ſeem alive. Phelice, my ſins, my countleſs ſins, appear; crying — "Repent, and clear thy guilty conſcience. I muſt deal with thee, as Bavarus (a Prince of Rome) dealt with Sygunda his wife, who from a deep impreſſion that he felt, ſolemnly vowed perpetual chaſtity. Intreating thee, even as thou loveſt my ſoul, not to diſſuade me from what I have done. Haſt thou not heard what Ethelfride did (a Chriſtian woman) ſome time England's Queen, who once with child, did from her huſband's bed abſent herſelf for ever? And canſt not thou, the Phœnix of the realm, by imitation win immortal praiſe, leaving thy pure and ſpotleſs chaſtity to be admired by ſucceeding ages? I know thou canſt, the greater part is divine, and will the ſoul's advantage much preſer. Thou didſt procure, although I did excuſe it, my pride, by conqueſts to obtain thy love. Heaven gave me valour, but I did abuſe it: my heart and thoughts were too much elevated; I thought the crowns of kings where things inferior, and hardly worth accepting. But now I all ſuch follies do contemn, reſolving to become

another

another man, and travel for the welfare of my ſoul; not as before, upon my horſe in armour, but in a gown of grey, a palmer's weed, obſcure my journey; for no leave I will take, but only leave my endleſs love to thee. Here is my ring—receive this ſmall memorial, and wear the ſame, to make thee think on me: let me have thine, which for

thy ſake I will keep, till with his cold hand Death ſhall cloſe my eyes.

When

When Phelice heard this ſtrange ſurprizing tale, judge, you that can, how much ſhe wrung her hands, how much ſhe ſighed, how many tears ſhe ſhed, yet wonderous meekly, contradicting nothing; for the devotion of that age was ſuch, thoſe were thought bleſſed who re-aired themſelves, and whined away their days in ſolitude, leaving the world and its bewitching vanities.

And now he throws away his princely cloathing, wherein he glittered with almoſt that ſplendour wherein the noon-day ſun to us appears: now his beſt habit was a home-ſpun grey, ſuch as employs the poor plain country people. A ſtaff, a ſcrip, and in his hat a ſcollop-ſhell, not to be known, nor in the leaſt admired: and thus, with penſive heart and doleful tears, he leaves ſweet England, and his fairest Phelice, who in her face a map of ſorrow wears. All ſad and mournful was her countenance, for ſhe to all delight had bid farewel, ſince ſhe from her beloved Lord was parted thus.

Guy journeys on towards the Holy Land, where once Jeruſalem's fair city ſtood, in which our Saviour's head was crowned with thorns, without whoſe gate he ſhed for us his blood: to ſee his ſepulchre was his deſign, the tomb that Joſeph unto Jeſus lent: with tedious miles he tired his weary feet, and through vaſt deſerts paſſed a thouſand dangers. And, whilſt he thus purſuing was his way, he happened to meet with a moſt woeful-wight, a

man

man that was no ſtranger unto ſorrow, for he had fifteen ſons that were all captives in ſlaviſh bondage, and the extremeſt miſery, kept by a mercileſs and monſtrous giant; which preſſed their wretched father with that grief, that he was almoſt worn away to nothing; and being paſt all hopes to find relief, thus to himſelf bewailed his ſad condition.

"Unhappy man, yea, thrice unhappy I, who court in vain the laſt of remedies; in vain I ſeek for death, which flies me ſtill, though nothing elſe can eaſe the woes I feel! Ah, cruel tyrant! that of all my ſons couldeſt not afford me one to comfort me, and with his hands to cloſe my dying eyes! But out, alas! were they but happy there, I cared not though I never ſaw them more! But, oh, to think upon their myſeries, pierces my heart more than a thouſand ſwords. And that which pierceſt deepeſt to my heart, is this one thought, there they muſt ſtill remain, and ſuffer without hope of remedy. This cutting thought is more than I can bear, and therefore thus I will end my wretched life." And as he ſpoke theſe words, he drew his ſword, with an intent to ſheath it in his bowels. But Guy, that liſtened to his ſad complaint, ſtepped in in time, and happily prevented him. "Hold, father," ſaid he, "yield not to deſpair; for you may live to ſee your ſons at liberty. I have heard your ſad complaint, and Heaven has ſent me juſt in the nick of time to right your wrongs.

The melancholy man was much ſurprized to ſee a ſtranger in that lonely place; then looking ſtedfaſtly upon him, ſaid — "Alas, poor pilgrim, I am beholden to thee, that to allay my cruel miſeries wouldeſt flatter me to hope, when there is no room for it. My wrongs are grown ſo great, they are paſt righting; and death alone is that which muſt relieve me." — "O ſay not ſo," ſaid Guy, though I am a pilgrim, thou doeſt not know the ſtrength that is in theſe arms; eſpecially when Heaven invigorates them to fight in a juſt cauſe. Let me but know where thy ſons are in captivity, and leave the reſt to me."

"Know, then, kind pilgrim," ſaid the unhappy man, "ſince you have a mind to underſtand my miſery, that in yon caſtle, made impregnable as well by art as nature, there dwells one Amarat, of monſtrous ſize, that is from the race of ancient giants ſprung, who does ſupport his great and bulky carcaſe only, by feeding upon human fleſh; and therefore ſeizes all that paſs theſe woods, and dead or living, bears them hence, into that curſed ſhambles of deſtruction; making no difference of either ſex, but this, that with the women he ſatisfies his luſt, and with the men his hunger. My only daughter, unadviſedly, as her ill fortune ſure enough would have it, paſſing this way, was taken by the monſter. This ſtirred the anger of my fifteen ſons, who were reſolved to reſcue their poor ſiſter, but in the vain attempt were taken priſoners;

prisoners; yet, for their sister's sake, their lives are spared, though they endure a thousand deaths for one.

"Your case," said Guy, is sad, "and I must pity you; but I am resolved to try what I can do, if you will but trust me with your sword and armour, to kill the tyrant, and redeem your children."

"Most willingly," replied the hopeless man, "would I contribute unto their release, but am afraid you will rather fall yourself into the tyrant's clutches, than redeem those that are there already; but, however, my sword and armour at your service are; and may you meet with the success that is answerable to your matchless courage." "Well," said Guy to him, "stay you, and pray, and doubt not my success against the tyrant."

Guy hereupon went up straight to the castle, his thoughts being employed to think what way he had best take to get the tyrant out; not doubting then but to overcome him easily. So, going to the gate, he knocked thereat like one that would come in, and had some business of great consequence. The giant never was so rouzed before; for at his gate none used to knock so hard: he therefore takes his club and keys, and opening the gate goes out, staring about with watchful countenance: then seeing Guy, thus with disdain and anger he addresses him—"Sirrah," said he, "what business have you here? Have you a mind to feast the crows, and have your quarters

quarters hang upon theſe walls? For what elſe is it that you can expect? You might have heard, that there is no ranſom here for any one that falls into my clutches, but if you are ignorant, and know it not, this club that is in my hand ſhall teach you better."

Guy, nothing daunted with his bugbear words, replied again, "Why, how now! are you quarrelſome? You ſeem to be a very cholerick perſon; but I have a weapon here ſhall match your club, and quickly bring you

to a better temper." And ſo, expecting no return again, he draws his ſword, and with the

the ſame ſalutes him about the head, the ſhoulders, and ſides, whilſt his erected club did death proclaim; ſtriding, like a Coloſſus over the Helleſpont, but on the ground in vain he ſpent his ſtrokes; for Guy was much too nimble for him ſtill; for before he could heave his club again, Guy would be ſure to give him the other ſtroke; for Guy for that advantage always watched. At length, thro' thirſt, the giant feeble grew, and ſaid to Guy, "As thou art of human kind, give leave that Nature's wants may be ſupplied, and let me go and drink in yonder place. Thou canſt not yield to a requeſt more ſmall, than to grant life a draught of poor cold water."—"I grant thee leave," quoth Guy; "go, drink thy fill: pledge both the ſavage boar and the dragon too; but never think again to drink cold water. Think, when thou drinkeſt, that now thou drinkeſt thy laſt." So to the ſpring he goes, and there his thirſt he quenches with almoſt a ton of water. Guy was amazed to ſee him drink ſo much, and the combat haſtens him again. "Come, come," ſaid he, "thou art long about thy liquor, thou wilt wrong the fiſh that in the river ſwim; but I will ſee they ſhall have ſatisfaction, for with thy blood their wants ſhall be ſupplied."—"Villain!" quoth Amarat, (for that is the name by which this monſterous giant muſt be called) "I cruſh thee in an inſtant, thy life ſhall pay thy daring tongue's offence; this club (which is about an hundred weight)

weight) ſhall my commiſſion be to ſend thee packing; for ravens diet thou ſhalt ſoon be dreſſed: I will break thy bones, as though they were but reeds." Incenſed much by this bold Pagan's brags, which worthy Guy no longer could endure, he ſpends his blows on thoſe ſupporting poſts, which like to columns did his body bear. The grant for thoſe wounds in choler grew, and deſperately at Guy he threw his club, which did directly light upon his body, and threw him by its weight upon the ground; and ere Guy could recover from his fall, the giant got his club again in his fiſt, and ſtruck at Guy another deſperate blow; but miſſing Guy, ſtuck it faſt into the ground. "Traitor," quoth Guy, thy falſhood I will repay; this act, baſely to ſpill my blood: ſays Amarat, "Againſt an enemy there is nothing baſe. I will murder any way: could I but poiſon into thy noſtrils blow, thou ſoon ſhouldſt ſee I would diſpatch thee by it."—"It is well," ſaid Guy, thou openeſt thy black thoughts: thy beaſtly bulk is ſure the dwelling of the devils. They are thy tenants whilſt thou liveſt here, but when thou comeſt to hell they will be thy landlords. Vile miſcreant! prepare thee for that place, the juſt reward of ſuch inhuman monſters. But breathe thyſelf a time, while I go drink, for flaming Phœbus, with his fiery eye, torments me ſo with heat, that I believe my thirſt could ſcarce be quenched with an ocean. Thou knoweſt, to thee I granted

granted the ſame kindneſs;" quoth Amarat, "thou haſt no fool of me; no, ſilly wretch, I have more wit than ſo: by all my Gods, I do rejoice to find that thirſt conſtrains thee now; for all the treaſure that the world can boaſt of one drop of water ſhall not cool thy veins. Relieve my foe! and unto my own wrong, refreſh my adverſary! why this would be a madman's part indeed! if thou imagineſt this, thou art a child. No, fellow, I have known the world too long to be ſo ſimple; now I know thy wants, I will not grant one minute's ſpace of breathing:" and with theſe words, heaving aloft his club, into the air he ſwings the ſame about, then rubs his temples, and his locks doth ſhake, and like the Cyclops, in his pride he ſtruts—"Sirrah, (ſaid he) "I heave a liſt to you, and the next blow I ſtrike, you will breathe your laſt; for with this ſtroke you ſhall for ever periſh. Take thou no care for drink, for never more a draught of water ſhall come near thy lips, but with thy blood I will ſoon carouſe full merry. Here is at thee with a butcher's downright blow, for it is thy blood that muſt aſſuage my fury."

"Infernal, falſe, obdurate fiend!" ſaid Guy, "thou ſeemeſt an imp of cruelty from hell. Ungrateful monſter! ſince thou haſt denied that thing to me wherein I uſed thee well, I will with my ſword take the more deep revenge on thy accurſed head, and quickly make thee ſhorter by ſo much. Now, thirſt,

thirſt, farewel, I do diſdain to drink, and therefore let the river keep its water, or let wild beaſts be welcome thereunto, for with its pearly drops I will not meddle. Now, tyrant, know, thy lateſt hours is come. For though perhaps you will take the greeting ill, yet it is with a good will I give it you; and thereupon he gave him ſuch a blow as made the monſter tumble on the ground. Then Guy ſet his foot upon the monſter's breaſt, and from his ſhoulders did his head divide, which, with a yawning mouth, did widely gape; no dragon's jaws were ever larger ſeen, to open and to ſhut till life was gone. And then Guy took poſſeſſion of the keys, and with them opened all the caſtle gates, where many woeful captives he ſet free, that had been long in miſery confined, and had been tortured with great cruelties. And when he of their miſeries enquired, each told a tale which from his eyes drew tears, and which they could not tell without ſad ſighs, at the remembrance of their barbarous uſage. Here tender ladies in dark dungeons lay, that in this deſart wood had been ſurprized; and every day no other diet had than fleſh of human creatures for their food: ſome with their lovers bodies had been fed, burying their huſbands bodies in their wombs.

Now Guy bethinks him of the oppreſſed Knight, with whom he left his pilgrim's gown and ſtaff, and of his captive ſons impriſoned there; and blames himſelf that firſt of all he had

had not releaſed the wronged brethren from their woes. Then on he goes, and as he ſearched about, he grievous crimes and lamentations heard, which as a clue led him to the fatal place; where finding an obſcure and darkſome gate, all ſtrongly covered over with plates of iron, he looked amongſt his keys, and there found one that ſoon unlocked, and gave him enterance there. He was no ſooner entered, but he beheld the ſtrangeſt ſight that ever his eyes had ſeen; men that had there by ſlow degrees been famiſhed, and could but juſt be ſaid to be alive, looking like pictures which the painters draw, when to our eyes they death would repreſent. Of theſe, ſome by the thumbs were hanged up, ſome by the heels, and others by the middle. With diligence he takes them from the walls, telling them they were now at liberty; which happy ſound revived their drooping ſpirits. Then Guy to the perplexed Knight, their father, repairs, and tells him what ſucceſs he had againſt the inhuman keeper of that caſtle; then bids him come, and there receive his ſons. "Though poor and faint," ſaid Guy, "yet they are alive; accept of that, and ſeek to nouriſh them. The father's joy was ſcarce to be expreſſed; but when he ſaw what ſkeletons they were, how like the living images of death, he ſcarce had ſtrength to outlive that wretched ſight. And the glad ſons, ſeeing themſelves at liberty, and their poor aged father ſtill alive, where at a loſs how to expreſs their

their thanks to him that had ſo generouſly delivered them.

Guy then unto their father gave the keys, ſaying—"This caſtle do I give to thee, where tyranny has dwelt ſo many years; let it be now a place where pious pilgrims and weary travellers may find refreſhment. Thoſe tender ladies that were priſoners here, let them be ſent away with eaſe and ſafety, where they deſire, when they have ſtrength to travel; and always ſee you uſe wronged women well. Men may revenge the wrongs that they receive, but women have no ſtrength to right themſelves."

The good old Knight, ſurprized with joy and wonder, fell on the ground, and would have kiſſed Guy's feet. "Father," ſaid Guy, "I pray forbear this homage; no honour is due to me for what I have done: it was a ſtronger arm than mine that did it, and unto him let all the praiſe be given. And now, I pray, exchange with me again; take you your coat of mail, and your ſtrong ſword; give me my ſtaff, and my poor palmer's weed, for to the Holy Land my courſe is bent.

Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,
And now I'l mortify a ſinful man.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

How Guy's *Departure out of* England *is taken; how he employed his Time in his Pilgrimage; how* Phælice *ſpent her Time in his Abſence, and how, on his Return, he routed* Amanthus's *Army, and reſtored his old Friend* Earl Terrey, *to his Lordſhips; and afterwards returned into* England *unknown.*

HOW Guy turned Pilgrim, we before have told; but now it will be neceſſary to ſay ſomething of what was ſaid, both by the King and the Nobility, of his ſo ſtrange and ſudden a departure; which was no ſooner known at Court, but both the King and the Nobility were ſtruck with admiration, that Guy, who had ſo famous been for deeds of chivalry, and had performed ſo many mighty acts, all for love of Phælice, ſhould ſo ſoon leave his fair and beauteous ſpouſe for a toilſome, ſolitary life; yet was his piety commended highly, who ſet a greater value on his ſoul, which by repentance he had refined from ſin, than upon all the honour he had won, or glittering treaſure that he was poſſeſſed of.

Now let us look on Guy, the man that fought to find out quarrels for his recreation; who

who for his Phælice ranged the world about, delighting moſt in combats and alarms: but he from his former mind eſtranged, ſhuns all occaſions that may cauſe debate. In his own wrongs he vowed no blow to ſtrike; nor injury, nor abuſe ſhould force him to it; for he his natural temper hath ſubdued, and taken patience by the hand for his guide, to lead his thoughts where Meekneſs keeps her reſidence. No worldly joys can give his mind content. delights are gone, as though they never had been, and to repent is now his only care, for ſpending of his youth in ſerving ſin; in contrite ſorrow now he will paſs his age, that little time to come, which life ſhall borrow. Sad were his looks, and pale was his complexion; his diet of the meaneſt, hard and ſpare: like a religious man he led his life, in a poor homely thin and thread bare habit. his dignities and honours were forgotten, nor did he the Warwick Earldom now regard. Sometimes he would go and ſearch into a grave, and there would find a rotten dead man's ſkull; and with the ſame would find a conference, examining at large each vanity, and then himſelf would anſwer for the head, as if the dead man anſwered for himſelf. "If thou haſt been a monarch, were is thy crown? or, who now ſtands in fear of thy ſtern looks? —" Death hath of my renown a conqueſt made; my golden ſceptre he hath taken from me, and now it is wielded by another hand; and I am now become ſo poor a thing, my

pooreſt

pooreſt ſubjects envy not my place Perhaps thou haſt been ſome Counſellor of State, whoſe potent wit a mighty reaſon did rule; where is the policy of late thou hadſt?—Conſumed and gone, like to an idle dream! I have not ſo much wit as will ſuffice to kill theſe worms that thus infeſt my coffin. Perhaps thou was ſome beauteous lady's face, for whoſe dear ſake ſome have done ſtrange exploits, even ſuch as (when the caſe was once my own) I, for my deareſt Phælice have performed. Perhaps there was a ſkin about this ſkull, fairer than that which Hellen's was encloſed in; and on this ſcalp, bare and worm-eaten now, where nothing elſe is to be ſeen but bone, ſuch yellow locks of hair were to behold, which for there beauty were eſteemed like gold; and in thoſe hollow caves, two cryſtal eyes, and here ſuch lips as love for kiſſing craves. But what is of all this beauty now become, ſo precious once in the eſteem of men? By powerful Death unto the duſt it is turned, grown loathſome, filthy, and trodden under foot; and now there is only this poor picture left to tell the wiſe, all beauty is but vain—ſuch ſad memorials he would oft prefer, of mortal frailty, and the force of death, to teach the fleſh how apt it is to miſtake, and paſs repentance off till it is too late. Thus would he all things treat with ſuch contempt, that might ſeduce the ſoul from heavenly love.

Now

Now for a while leave Guy to his own thoughts, and turn your eyes to another ſubject. To ſee new ſorrows, now look back to England; and to long abſent years commit the other. Leave doleful Guy to cares and aged grief, and look how Phælice, his poor lady, fares, like to a widow, all in black attire, ſhe doth expreſs her inward grief of heart. She of her chamber does a priſon make, and unto ſorrow wholly is inclined. She that was late the pride of the Engliſh Court, with majeſty will now comfort no longer, but lives like one that deſpiſes life and being, and every day did die unto the world; ſeeing her folly with the eyes of judgment, and knowing well how faſt falſe pleaſures fly, leaving more pain than they can cauſe delight. Her thoughts run after her departed Lord, and are in motion ſwifter far than he. "Where is the place," ſaid ſhe, "can give him reſt, that for his pilgrimage hath thus forſaken me? Lament, my ſoul, under the heavy burden, to think poor Guy remembers thee in tears. Methinks, he by ſome river-ſide is ſitting, and ſwells the water with his weeping eyes: methinks, he often cries out, "Phelice, Phelice," and Eccho through the ſkies does carry it: then riſing up with might and main, he runs, ſaying,—"Sweet Eccho, bring my love again." Then comes he to a cypreſs tree, and ſays, "Sylvanus, this was once the lovely boy whom thou didſt praiſe for feature to the clouds, but here, alas! thy ſenſeleſs joy is transformed; it is nothing

nothing now but trees and boughs, and leaves, and made to wither as all beauties do. And then, methinks, fully ſadly down he ſits, and on his bended knees his elbow ſtays, with head on hand, ſaying. "Farewel, vain honour, and all the pleaſures of my youthful days; my true repentance has diſplaced you all: a happy end brings ſinful ſouls to heaven. Ah, worthy man! that thus canſt mortify thy rebel fleſh to conquer Adam's nature, and that thou bleſt eternity mighteſt gain, doth live on earth but as a ſtranger in it; dead, though alive; and new-born, though grown old: true valiant Guy, that has overcome the devil. As thy advice was when thou didſt go hence, that I a veſtal virgin's life ſhould live, although when I was a maiden. My love's art thou didſt perſuade me to become a wife, I vow by Heaven, and him that reigns above, to keep my thoughts as truly chaſte as thine: my beauty all I can I will obſcure by doleful lamentations, ſighs, and tears; and will by abſtinence attain the way to overcome the force of ſin's temptations. This ſentence very often I have read—A woman's chaſtity is Virtue's queen. Ceres and Bacchus I will ſhun with care, for they are Virtue's foes and Vice's friends, and oft to a licentiate life do lead; but with Sobriety I will ſtill aſſociate, and with ſpare diet take each day's repaſt; that ſoul thrives beſt that keeps the body bare. The courtly ornaments I wore of late in honour of King Athelſtan's fair Queen, even all thoſe

jewels and thoſe robes of ſtate, wherein to others I have appeared ſo glorious, ſhall with their pride and value now ſupply thoſe naked poor that are about the ſtreets: the gold and ſilver I am now poſſeſſed of, ſhall all employed be about good works. The purchaſe of eternal happineſs is of all wealth moſt precious unto me: all that in want repair to Warwick Caſtle, and crave relief, ſhall there be ſure to find it. For the halt, lame, and blind, I will prepare an hoſpital, which ſhall be well endowed; and for the widow and the fatherleſs a ſpecial care I will be ſure to take, that their neceſſities ſupplied may be; and that young beginners may have wherewithal their callings to ſet up, I will take care: and for repairing of decayed highways, that travellers may better paſs the roads, is alſo what I will take care about. Theſe things I reckon to be the heavenly thrift, and laying treaſure up where it cannot ruſt; diſpenſing of the riches we receive, as each good ſteward is enjoined to do; that after this ſhort life is done, we may enjoy a life that is eternal. Farewel, vain world; of thee I take my leave, and of thoſe things which thou doſt moſt eſteem: thy ſhows are ſnares, deceitful are thy hopes, and only through falſe mirrors ſeemeſt fair. O that in ſuch diſguiſe I could but travel, (as once the kind Sulpitia did contrive, in baniſhment to ſee her Lentulus) attending on my Guy, where ever he be; or Hypſicrata, liking man's apparel, following her exiled king through

through Love's deſire. It would ſomething eaſe my wounded heart of ſorrow, ſo to divide the burthen which I bear; for where affection takes Affliction's part in hard extremes, ſome comfort is expreſſed. And miſery is more eaſy to abide, when friends do with friends divide their croſſes. But all in vain it is that I thus wiſh; it nought avails, my woe is ſtill the ſame. Though ſtraying thoughts do wander here and there, my poor weak body muſt at home remain. Unto the Holy Land he is gone to travel, Heaven ſend me thither at my dying-day. I will about my vows, and ſee them paid. The good that charity requires, I will do; when grace perſuades unto works of virtue, it is bleſſedneſs to further ſuch deſires; and while on earth I do remain a ſinner, I will ſtrive to pleaſe my God by living well.

In this reſolve, each day ſhe ſpent her life, performing all thoſe things ſhe had propoſed, and ſhewed ſo great ſeverity therein, that ſhe became the wonder of her ſex, who were amazed, and even quite confounded, to ſee a lady ſo high born, ſo rich, and which is more, ſo rare a beauty too, pouring contempt upon all worldly pleaſures: for ſhe was deaf to all her friends perſuaſions, nor unto any would ſhe lend an ear that mentioned company or recreation, or what ſhe had determined, ſought to alter: but ſuch as of compaſſion would diſcourſe her, ſhe would, for bleſſed Jeſus's ſake, relieve.

Mean while, her wandering Lord from land to land, with weary ſteps repairs, to ſeek out places which pious pilgrims uſed to frequent; whilſt age and grief, and mournful languiſhing, with ſilver hairs had crowned his hoary head; ſo that good Guy was changed exceedingly: for ſorrow and ſore travel gives a man a countenance more aged far than they, who with leſs cares much longer time had lived. His old acquaintance in thoſe foreign parts, that had his worthy actions ſeen before, and witneſs been of all his bold adventures, had loſt Sir Guy, as one that had never lived. Thoſe that in armour knew his martial face, did never expect him in a friar's weed. Amongſt the reſt, to whom well known he had been, he met Earl Terrey, now a wandering exile, each unto other being grown ſtrangers; through ſorrow, which the ſenſes oft deceive, they had forgot that ever they ſaw each other, though Guy and Terrey had ſworn brothers been. But having to each other told their countries, and by what means they travellers became, and how one was a voluntarily exile, but the other was conſtrained to be ſuch. As they were parting with a kind adieu—"Oh, Engliſhman!" ſaid Terrey, with a ſigh, "I once had a friend, thy countryman, who righted me in my extremeſt wrongs, and was a champion in the cauſe of virtue, and was to every tyrant a ſworn foe, for on oppreſſion's neck he would ſet his foot. Tell me, dear friend, haſt thou not heard of Guy, that

that had a hand to help a ſword to fight in the behalf of all that were oppreſſed?"—"I have," ſaid Guy, "and knew him many years; he is Earl of Warwick now, and Peer of England. What is thy name?—My name, (quoth he) is Terrey, greater by birth than now my fortune makes me. "Terrey," quoth Guy, "I vow I will do thee right in what I can; my poor good will eſteem, for I too am a friend to the oppreſſed; and ſince thou loveſt my friend, thy friend I will be. Direct me to the man that is thy foe, I will take thy part as far as ſtrength will go; if Guy himſelf were here to join with us, he could but ſay, I will venture life for friends; and be aſſured, though ſimple I appear, I have oft had as good ſucceſs as he." Terrey, with hearty thanks, requites his love, then brings him to his foe, whom he defies, and with his adverſe champion bravely fights, who by a mortal wound dies at his feet. Yet it was. it ſeems a man of matchleſs worth, who for that combat they had ſingled out. When this was done, the Earl demands his name. "Pardon," quoth Guy. "that were againſt my vow; to no man living I will my name reveal, for I have now both name and nature changed. Nature's corruption now my ſtrife is to leave, and to receive a new regeneration.

Farewel, my friend, if we on earth don't meet,
In heav'n hereafter we'll each other greet.

So he towards Judea's ground departs, to ſee Samaria and Galilee, places which Chriſtian Pilgrims much frequent, becauſe their Saviour's choice was to be there. He to redeem our loſs did ſuffer, even from the manger to the bloody croſs. Much time Guy ſpent, and many years beſtowed, in travelling about from place to place, ſurveying each place in the Holy Land, that all his friends in England now ſuppoſed that he among the living was no more, for from all pilgrims that had back returned, of noble Guy no tidings could be heard: this put the world to ſilence, men were mute, becauſe of Guy they knew not what for to ſay. That dreadful champion, that when in bright armour ſtruck ſuch a terror whereſoever he came, was neither known or feared in ſimple grey, but did endeavour all that ever he could, never to be known to any mortal wight; for unto none would he diſcloſe his name, nor tell to what country he belonged: his noble thoughts in his own breaſt concealed, his chief deſign was to remain obſcure.

Untill by native love, his mind was led,
To lay his bones where he at firſt was bred.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

How Guy *returned to* England, *which he found invaded by the* Danes; *and how he undertook to fight with* Colbron *a* Daniſh *Giant, whom he killed; upon which the* Daniſh *Army was overthrown, and forced to fly the Land. And how* Guy *afterwards took himſelf to a ſolitary Cave, where he lived unknown.*

AS the moſt bright and glorious ſhining day will have a night of darkneſs to ſucceed, in which the earth will be wrapped up in clouds, and all the world be cloathed in ſable weeds, preſenting us with drowſy heavy ſleep, to keep the thoughts of death in memory; ſo youth the day of Nature's ſtrengh and beauty, which had a ſplendour like the eye of Heaven, muſt yield to fate, by the great law of Nature, when length of years ſhall bring life's evening on. This cogitation dwelt in Guy's ſage breaſt, and made him, when he was in Paleſtine, think of returning to his native country. He found himſelf to be well ſtruck in years, and that his glaſs had but few ſands to run, before the cloſe of his declining days; and therefore he to England comes at laſt, there to be buried where he had been born; for this was all the cauſe that drew

him back, to end his days there where they firſt began; that his poor body after all his toils, which, through the world no reſting place had found, in Engliſh ground at laſt might ſafely reſt.

Being arrived upon his native ſhore, his country in great diſtreſs he found, for in each place great ſtore of armed troops againſt the foe was got in readineſs. The King of Denmark to deſtroy the realm, a mighty army had ſecurely landed, which with incredible deſtruction, marched, laying the country waſte, and burning towns, and filling all the nation full of terror, which forced King Athelſtan for his ſecurity, with his ſmall forces, to retire to Winchester; which when the Danes once knew, they thither away, and with their warlike troops ſet down before it. But that was far too ſtrong for them to take; their walls of ſtone were then invincible, nor had they cannon keys to let them in. The Monk's invention was not then found out of murdering men by wholeſale with their gunpowder. A ſoldier then that would attain to honour, by manly ſtrokes could only purchaſe it.

Beholding now how oft they were repulſed by thoſe ſtrong ſallies that the Engliſh made, and that they were not like to take the city, they beat a parley, and therein propoſed that they were willing to decide their quarrel by ſingle combat, to ſave ſhedding blood, between a Dane and an Engliſhman; to which, when

when both ſides had agreed, the Danes brought forth a mighty giant of a prodigious ſtature. demanding where the foxes all were hid; ſaying, " If there be one dare meet me here, that for his country will his valour ſhew, let him come forth and try me with his manhood, or elſe the Engliſh are the worſt of cowards. For craven cocks on their own dunghills will both crow and ſtrike before they run and cry. Is Engliſh courage now become ſo low, that none will fight? Are you ſo fearful grown? Then I pronounce you all faint hearted fools, afraid to look upon a martial man. O what prodigious lies, in foreign lands, of theſe mens valour have I heard repeated! What great atchievements have they oft performed, if lies be true? But they are ſadly ſlandered; for in their feet their valour chiefly lies, for they with them can ſwiftly run away. They have an ancient proverb to inſtruct them, That it is beſt ſleeping in a whole ſkin." Thus did he vaunt in terms of high diſdain; and threw down his gauntlet, ſaying, " There is my glove."

All this, and more, Guy unperceived had heard, and for his country's ſake could bear no longer the inſulting boaſt of this proud Daniſh monſter; and therefore ſtraightway goes unto the King, and thus in pilgrim's weeds addreſſes him—" Dread Lord, though in this ſimple habit hid, this proud inſulting foe I beg to combat; for though I ſeem unfit for what I aſk, I never attempted ought but

what I did: and therefore doubt not but to free your kingdom from the invaſion of injurious Danes, by overcoming this their boaſted champion."

To whom the Royal Athelſtan replied—"Palmer, thou ſeemeſt to be a man of courage; but I fear for Colbron thou art much too weak: ah, I remember once I had a champion, upon whoſe head my crown I would have ventured; but valiant Guy, alas! is now no more. Had he been here, I had not been thus diſtreſſed."

To which Guy thus replied—"Great Athelſtan, truſt me for once, for though I am unknown, it is a juſt cauſe in which I do engage, and Heaven does ſtill both favour and ſucceed the juſt ſide. I cannot ſee one brave an Engliſh King, but aged as I am, my blood is fired; and nothing but his head ſhall be to me ſatisfaction for the affront

At which bold ſpeech of Guy's the King was amazed, and wondering at the greatneſs of his ſpirit, ſaid—"Palmer, I accept thee for my champion, and thou alone ſhalt be the man on whom I am reſolved to venture England's crown." And thereupon ordered immediately that his own armour ſhould be brought; which Guy, having received, ſoon put on; then girting his maſſy ſword about him, came to the King, and of him took his leave; the King aſſuring him he did not doubt but Heaven, in whoſe great cauſe he was engaged now, would be his ſtrong defence, and give

give him victory. "Amen," quoth Guy, and with great courage goes from Winchester's north gate unto Hide Mead, where he soon found that monster of a man treading two yards of ground at every step.

"Art thou," the Giant cried, "that mighty man, on whom the King will venture England's crown? What, can he find for me no

fitter match than this poor raſcal in a thread-bare coat? Where are all his worthy Knights and champions now? A wretch ſo baſe as thou art, I diſdain."

"Giant," ſaid Guy, "I matter not thy words, for hadſt thou manhood, thus thou wouldſt not rail, nor ſpend with blaſts of empty wind thy breath. A ſoldier's weapon beſt his tale can tell. Thy deſtiny thou on my ſword ſhall find, which, whilſt thou haſt drops to bleed, will let thee blood: and thus I to chaſtize thee do begin." And thereupon ſuch blows he on him laid, that Colbron had never felt the like before; who with his club waited to meet his ſword, intending to have broke it with one blow. But Guy was well aware of his deſign, and by his own agility prevented him; and therefore boldly he about him laid, until the lubber's breath was almoſt gone; for with a weighty club did Colbron fight, which miſſing of his blows, fell on the ground, and the very earth itſelf gave way, ſo ponderous were the ſtrokes that he deſigned. So long they held this wrathful furious fight, that the ſpectators knew not what to judge; though Guy on Colbron ſtill freſh wounds beſtowed, as a preſage of his enſuing victory; and by his activity eſcaped the danger with which each blow of Colbron's threatened him. At laſt, quoth Colbron, "Engliſhman, forbear, and ſue for mercy, ere I ſtrike thee down. "Villain, (quoth Guy) "thy coward's fear I ſcorn, I will have thy life, or it my own ſhall coſt.

coſt. We will never part till one be conqueror: the King hath ventured England on my head, and therefore I will not yield an inch to thee, for all the worth that Denmark ere could boaſt: and thereupon Guy gave him ſuch a ſtroke, it made wide ruptures in the giant's fleſh, and very much provoked his furious choler, laying about him with the utmoſt rage; mean time, Guy managed both his parts ſo well, which was, to lay on a load upon his foe, and ſave himſelf from his deſtructive blows, that he at length gave Colbron ſuch a wound, that on the earth he tumbled in his gore, whilſt with his blood his ſoul departed hence, and in the ſooty regions took freſh quarters.

King Athelſtan then for his champion ſent, to do him honour for his great exploit, and ſaid to him, "I pray, that thou at leaſt will ſo far honour me; whereever thou reſolveſt to abide, as to acquaint me with thy name in private, which is the only boon I aſk of thee. Tell me but who thou art, I will aſk no more, and on my royal word I will conceal it.

"Why, then," ſaid he, "if it may pleaſe your Majeſty, I am your ſubject, Guy of Warwick named, that have for many years not ſeen your land, but been where youth by age and travel is tamed. Yet there, dread Prince, experience taught me wit, and of the follies of the world convinced me. And now I am returned to make my grave within that kingdom which firſt gave me life. Yet ſhall no creature elſe have the leaſt notice of my arrival; no, not my dear wife, till ſickneſs comes, ſuch as does threaten death; then I will acquaint her of my laſt farewell."

The King thus having heard what Guy had ſaid, went to him, and with joy in his arms embraced him, and with great admiration anſwers thus—"Moſt worthy Earl, preſerver of thy country, it grieves my ſoul thou wilt not live with me. O would thy reſolutions were to make, that my perſuaſions might prevent thy vow! But it is too late, they are grown ripe, I ſee, and thou art fixed in thy determination Well, worthy man, in this I joy however, that to thy native ſoil thou bringeſt thy bones, where ſtanding monuments of thy great deeds ſhall laſt unto the world's remoteſt ages.

In

In Warwick Caſtle ſhall thy ſword be lodged, to witneſs to the world what thou haſt been. And leſt the future age ſhould grow neglectful in the preſerving of thy memory, the Caſtle-keeper ſhall receive a ſalary, which I myſelf will ſtraightway ſettle on him, to keep thy ſword in memory of thee. Thy armour likewiſe, and thy martial ſpear, which did thee ſervice in thy high deſigns, ſhall all be carefully preſerved there, that all ſuch men as have diſtruſtful thoughts, may think (if from a truth it did not ſpring) a King would ſcorn to cheat his people ſo. And in thy chapel (diſtant hence a mile) a bone ſhall hang of that devouring beaſt, which did ſo long near Coventry remain, whoſe rib by meaſure was at leaſt ſix foot, deſtroying many that did that way paſs, until thy valiant arm the ſavage ſlew. By Tradition it may down be handed, and unto thoſe that thither come reported — "This was Guy's armour; this his maſſy blade. Theſe bones of murdering beaſts which he overcame; and this the tomb wherein his corpſe was ſafe depoſited: this is the true picture of the ſhape at length, and this the ſpear that of his ſtrength did witneſs."

This ſaid, in humble duty, wonderous meek, Guy with a lowly reverence left the King to ſeek ſome ſolitary cave or den, which he into his manſion houſe converted; and buried whilſt alive, he poorly lives, making his meat of wholeſome herbs and roots. Sometimes he would repair to Warwick Caſtle, and crave an alms at his dear lady's hand, who to Pilgrims did more bounty ſhow than any lady in the land beſide. And ſhe would aſk all Palmers that came there, if they were ever in the Holy Land; or, if they in their travels had ſeen an Engliſhman, Lord of that noble Caſtle, who many years from hence had been away? He was a Knight that never was conquered yet by any human power: I only fear one cruel tyrant, who is called Death; if he has met him, then my deareſt Lord, I never ſhall behold thy face again, until that monſter do as much for me, and ſo unite our hearts again together. Which gracious Heaven grant, if Guy be dead, O let me on the earth no longer ſtay." Thus often did he

hear

hear his wife enquiring with deep complaint, from extreme paſſion flowing, yet by no means would grant her kind requeſt, nor yet beſtow one hopeful word of comfort; but yet would view her, as if his heart would break; then, to prevent his ſpeaking, turn away; and ſo even weeping to his cell depart, there placing before his eyes a dead man's head, ſaying, "With thee I will ſhortly come to dwell, and therefore do deſpiſe this ſinful fleſh. My ſoul is weary of a gueſt ſo bad, and therefore doth at reſt deſire to be. My ſtrength is from my feeble limbs departed, and ſickneſs now begins to gripe my heart. My happineſs is now apace approaching, and I am in hope my foe and I ſhall part. Long time, alas! I have fed this adverſary, by whom my ſoul hath been miſled ſo oft. To my dear Phælice, I will ſend my ring, which I to keep did promiſe for her ſake. I now no longer will the time defer, for fear leaſt Death ſurprize me unawares. Methinks I feel his meſſenger approach, and poor weak Nature muſt be forced to yield.

Then he called a herdſman as he paſſed by, and ſaid, "Good friend, one kindneſs I deſire of thee, and hope thou wilt not deny it me, for it is a matter that concerns me highly. It is, that thou wilt repair to Warwick Caſtle, and for the Counteſs aſk with truſty care, and then into her hand this ring deliver, and ſay, the ancient Pilgrim ſent it her, that lately at her gate with ſcrip did ſtand, to beg an alms in bleſſed Jeſus's name: and if ſhe aſk thee where I may be found, direct her hither; ſhe will well reward thee.

"Sir," ſaid the Herdſman, "I ſhall be aſhamed, who never yet ſpake to a lady in my life: beſides, I may perhaps come into trouble, to carry rings to the Earl of Warwick's Counteſs. And then ſay I ſhould loſe it by the way, what would the Counteſs or yourſelf ſay to me?"

"Pr'ythee," ſaid Guy, "frame no ſuch idle doubts, no prejudice can come to thee at all; the thing is honeſt about which thou goeſt, and none can call thee into queſtion for it. A courteous ear the lady will thee give, and on my word, you will receive no harm."

With

With that he goes and delivers the token to the Counteſs; which ſhe receiving, was preſently with admiration ſtruck.—" O friend," ſaid ſhe, " where is my huſband's being?"

" Huſband!" ſaid he, " I know nothing of that. It was from an ancient beggar I received the ring, whoſe houſe I cannot well deſcribe; for it is neither made of wood nor ſtone, but under ground he went into a hole. And in my conſcience, there alone he dwells, and never pays his landlord's quarter's rent."

" Ah! it is my Guy," ſaid ſhe; " ſhew me his cell, and for thy pains I will very well reward thee." And then ordering her ſteward to give the meſſenger a hundred marks for bringing her thoſe welcome tidings, ſhe ſtraight went with him to the lonely cave, in which her Lord led ſuch a ſolitary life; but he eſpying her, as weak and feeble as he was, went forth to meet her, and there the Lord and ſhe embraced each other, and wept a while, ere they could ſpeak a word: and after a good ſpace that they had been ſilent, Guy firſt the doors of ſilence thus did break.

" Phælice," ſaid he, " now take thy leave of Guy, who ſent to thee, ere his ſight decays: within thy arms

I do intreat to die, and breathe my ſpirit hence from thy ſweet ſoul. It is not long ſince to me thou gaveſt alms

at

at Warwick's Caſtle gate; it is bleſſedneſs poor mens eſtate to pity. Look not ſo ſtrange, my dear, lament not ſo. Ah! weep not, love, I do not want thy tears; for ſince my coming here, I have plenty of tears of true remorſe, Conſcience knows. Thou weepeſt not now, becauſe I wept no more; but to behold me friendleſs, poor, and wretched. My love, I have ſought the place that I deſire, though few endeavour for eternal reſt. The ſoul which unto heaven doth aſpire, and only ſeeks after cœleſtial things, muſt leave the world, and all its fading joys, and all the vanities thereof deteſt; for could we ſee it with a ſpiritual eye, we ſhould diſcern it full of nought but devils, that always lie in wait to ruin ſouls, and to that end are always laying baits to trap and enſnare them. O Phælice! I have ſpent (and then he wept) youth, nature's day, upon the love of thee; and for my God have kept old rotten age, the night of nature: Chriſt my ſin forgive. Sorrow for this lies heavy on my ſoul. O bleſſed Saviour! pardon my miſdeeds, in that I have deſtroyed ſo many men, even for one woman, to enjoy her love. And therefore in this ſolitary cave, with God above I ſought my peace to make; againſt whom I have been more miſled by ſin, than all the hairs upon my head can number. The other day, finding my body ill, and all the parts thereof with pain oppreſſed, I did compoſe this will and teſtament to be the laſt I ever ordain. Lo, here it is, and if I can, I will read it, before I ceaſe to be a living man.

His Last Will and Testament.

EVEN in the name of him, whoſe mighty power did heaven and earth, and all things elſe create, as one that is this inſtant hour to die, I do with an unfeigned heart and mind leave both the world, and every thing therein. My ſoul I give to him that gave it me. Receive it, Jeſus, as in thee I truſt. I owe a debt of life

that

that is due to death, and when I have paid him he can aſk no more. It is but a little breath, a very vapour, and I could wiſh he had it long ago. But here is my comfort, whenſoever he comes, it is ready for him tho' he calls to day. I owe the world that ſtock of wealth it lent me when I at firſt began to traffick with it. Leſs would have given nature more content: the world leaves me naked, as I came into it, I aſk but one poor ſheet to wrap me in, I do bequeathe my numberleſs tranſgreſſions, my ſins and evils they that are ſo many, that they exceed the bounds of all arithmetick, thoſe paſt, thoſe preſent, all that are to come, to him that made them loads to burden me; Satan, receive them, for from thee they came. I give good thoughts, and every virtuous action, that every grace hath guided me unto, to Him from whom proceedeth all that is good. For only evil I by nature do, being conceived, bred and born in ſin, and all my life has been moſt vile and vain. I give to ſorrow all my ſighs and tears, fetched from the bottom of a bleeding heart. I give to repentance, tears and watery eyes of a true convert, and unfeigned ſighs. Let earth, or ſea, a grave yield to my body; ſo Jeſus to my ſoul grant room in heaven.

Phælice, I faint. Farewel, my loyal ſpouſe; thy huſband dies: aſſiſt me with thy prayers. I truſt to meet thee in a better life, where tears from weeping eyes ſhall be wiped before the bleſſed ſpirit; come, in Jeſus name receive, and then convey my ſoul to heaven." With theſe laſt words, Death cloſed his eyes, and he to his Creator his bleſt ſoul reſigned, while mournful Phælice, well nigh dead with grief, to ſorrow all her ſenſes did abandon, and with her tears drowns her departed Lord; beating her breaſt, till breaſt and heart were ſore, wringing her hands till ſhe could no more ſtrive. Then ſighing, ſaid, "Ah, cruel, cruel Death, the diſmal, doleful cauſe of all my ſorrows, thou haſt deprived me of my deareſt Lord. Since loathſome air my vital ſpirits draw, that thou to recompenſe me for my loſs, would ſtrike that ſtroke which all my cares may kill. Let me not ſee to-morrow

ow light, but make me cold, as this dead carcaſe that before me lies; this true deſcription of a mortal man:

Whoſe deeds of wonder, paſt and gone before,
Hath left him now at Death's dark priſon door.

Kiſſing his face with a farewel of tears, ſhe leaves the body for the grave to claim; and from that place ſhe bears as ſad a ſoul as any of her ſex on that occaſion, was ever known to do. Her real grief ſoon ſending her to her departed Lord, living but fifteen days after his death, and then, through extreme ſorrow, followed him.

Their EPITAPH.

UNDER this marble pile their lies a Knight
Whoſe great atchievements oft perform'd in fight
Has through Earth's globe immortaliz'd his name,
And given him a never-dying fame;
For his great actions have perfum'd the world,
Like incenſe upon ſacred altars hurl'd.
To ſave his country, he did his life expoſe,
'Gainſt ſavage beaſts, and far more ſavage foes;
And in the height of all his valour's pride,
He always fought upon the juſteſt ſide.
Nor in his youth more fam'd for war was he,
Than in old age he was for piety:
In Pilgrimage to Paleſtine he went,
Upon himſelf impoſing baniſhment:
All earthly pleaſure he for Heaven forſook,
And to a Pilgrim's life himſelf betook.
Now here he reſts in peace, and by his ſide
The faireſt Dame that ever made a bride;
Who at ſo great a rate her Lord did love,
As none could equal but the bleſs'd above.
So bright their virtues were, when here alive,
Their names the world's great fun'ral ſhall ſurvive.
All ſure muſt know, by that which I have ſaid,
That Noble Guy and Phælice here are laid.

An Old SONG of the Valiant Deeds of Chivalry atchieved by the Noble Knight, Sir GUY *Warwick*, &c.

Tune, "Was ever Man," &c.

WAS ever man for Lady's ſake,
So toſt in love as I Sir Guy
For Phælice fair, that lady bright,
As ever man beheld with eye;

She

She gave me leave myſelf to try
The valiant Knight with ſhield and ſpear,
Ere that her love ſhe would grant me,
Which made me venture far and near.

The proud Sir Guy, a baron bold
In deeds of arms, the doughty Knight,
That every day in England was
With ſword and ſpear, in field to fight:
An Engliſhman I was by birth,
In faith of Chriſt a Chriſtian true,
The wicked laws of Infidels
I ſought by power to ſubdue.

Two hundred twenty years and odd,
After our Saviour Chriſt his birth,
When King Athelſtan wore the crown,
I lived here upon the earth:
Sometimes I was of Warwick Earl,
And as I ſaid of very truth,
A lady's love did me conſtrain
To ſeek ſtrange ventures in my youth.

To try my fame by feats of arms,
In ſtrange and ſundry heathen lands,
Where I atchieved for her ſake
Right dang'rous conqueſt with my hands;
For firſt ſail'd I to Normandy,
And there I ſtoutly won in fight
The Emperor's daughter of Almain,
From many a valiant worthy Knight.

Then paſſed I the ſeas of Greece,
To help the Emperor to his right
Againſt the mighty Soldan's hoſt
Of puiſſant perſons for to fight;
Where I did ſlay of Saracens,
And Heathen Pagans many a man,
And ſlew the Soldan's couſin dear,
Who had to name, doughty Colbron.

Etheldred, that famous Knight,
To death likewiſe I did purſue;
And Almain, King of Tyre, alſo,
Moſt terrible in fight to view.
I went unto the Soldan's hoſt,
Being thither on ambaſſage ſent,
And brought away his head with me,
I having ſlain him in his tent.

There was a dragon in the land,
Which I alſo myſelf did ſlay,
As he a lion did purſue,
Moſt fiercely met me by the way.
From hence I paſs'd the ſeas of Greece,
And came to Pavy Land aright,
Where I the Duke of Pavy kill'd,
His heinous treaſon to requite.

And after came into this land,
Towards fair Phælice, Lady bright,
For love of whom I travell'd far,
To try my manhood and my might.
But when I had eſpouſed her,
I ſtaid with her but forty days,
Ere that I left this Lady fair,
And then I went beyond the ſeas.

All clad in grey, in Pilgrim ſort,
My voyage from her I did take
Unto the bleſſed Holy Land,
For Jeſus Chriſt my Saviour's ſake;
Where I Earl Jonas did redeem,
And all his ſons, which were fifteen,
Who with the cruel Saracens
In priſon for long time had been.

I ſlew the Giant Amarant,
In battle fiercely hand to hand,
And doughty Barknard killed I,
The mighty Duke of that ſame land.

Then I to England came again,
And here with Co bron fell I fought,
An ugly Giant, which the Danes
Had for their champions hither brought.

I overcome him in the field,
And ſlew him dead right valiantly;
Where I the land did then redeem
From Daniſh tribute utterly;
And afterwards I offer'd up
The uſe of weapon ſolemnly
At Wincheſter; whereas I fought
In ſight of many far and nigh.

In Windſor Foreſt I did ſlay
A boar of paſſing might and ſtrength,
The like in England never was,
For hugeneſs both in breadth and length.
Some of his bones in Warwick yet
Within the Caſtle there do lie;
One of his ſhield bones to this day
Hangs in the City of Coventry.

On Dunſmore Heath I alſo ſlew
A monſtrous wild and cruel beaſt,
Call'd the Dun Cow of Dunſmore Heath,
Which many people had oppreſt;
Some of her bones in Warwick yet,
Still for a monument do lie;
Which unto every looker's view,
As wond'rous ſtrange they may eſpy.

And a fell dragon in that land,
I alſo did in fight deſtroy,
Which did both man and beaſt oppreſs,
And all the country ſore annoy;
And then to Warwick came again,
Like Pilgrim poor, and was not known,
And there I liv'd an Hermit's life,
A mile and more out of the town.

Where with my hand I hew'd a houſe
  Out of a craggy rock of ſtone;
And liv'd like a Palmer poor,
  Within that cave myſelf alone;
And daily came to beg my food
  Of Phælice, at my caſtle gate,
Not known unto my loving wife,
  Who daily mourned for her mate.

Till at the laſt I fell ſore ſick,
  Yea ſick ſo ſore that I muſt die,
I ſent to her a ring of gold,
  By which ſhe knew me preſently.
Then ſhe repaired to the cave,
  Before that I gave up the ghoſt,
Herſelf cloſ'd up my dying eyes,
  My Phelice fair, whom I lov'd moſt.

Thus dreadful Death did me arreſt,
  To bring my corps unto the grave,
And like a P[illegible]r died I,
  Whereby I hope my ſoul to ſave.
My body in Warwick yet doth lie,
  Though now it is conſum'd to mould,
My ſtatute was engrav'd in ſtone,
  This preſent day you may behold.

FINIS.

Eliza Shelleys her Book

Dear Sister Bartlett

My Dear Matt Cat

&